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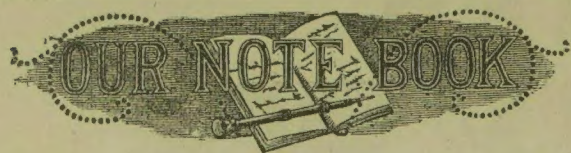
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1884.

WITH (SIXPENCE.  
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THE ATTEMPT TO BLOW UP LONDON BRIDGE WITH DYNAMITE ON SATURDAY LAST.





Statistics are generally, we might write universally, voted dull reading; a Bluebook is not considered the volume wherewith to while away a spare half-hour, and the Board of Trade returns would, if on Mudie's counter, probably remain there. But there are exceptions; and in this dull season of the year, when the turf is sodden beneath the foot and the sight of a wicket or a bat in the open air would cause as great a sensation as the sudden appearance of a dragon, the records of last season's cricket are dear to those who must wait many months before handling the willow or trundling the ball. Through the complete list one need not go, but as instances of cricket curiosities may note the largest score of the year, 567 made by Christ Church against New College, at Oxford; and the smallest we should think ever made when Winchelsea, in its second innings against Hastings, had all its wickets down for 1. If figures prove anything, it is that professionals, despite brilliant exceptions, are still superior to their old foes, the gentlemen.

The outcry against the game of football as at present played, which four serious reported accidents this week go a long way to justify, will find no echo in Canada yet awhile. On Thanksgiving Day the Marquis of Lansdowne further established the popularity which the new Governor-General has won, by "placing" the ball for the "kick off" in the great match between Toronto and Montreal. By a sport-loving crowd such as Canada can alone produce at their favourite pastime, this action on the part of his Lordship was received with even more ringing cheers than the subsequent efforts of the players could evoke.

Thanks to novels and stage plays, we have become so accustomed to long-lost wills, missing heirs, and fabulous sums of money, that when we encounter them in real life they are but as familiar acquaintances. But we must make an exception in the case of Lord Walsingham. Many, many years ago the great-great-granduncle of the present Lord Walsingham went to India, and shook the "pagoda tin" to some advantage. He died in the East, and left all his money to his sister, Miss Jennings, who resided in Ireland. News travelled slowly in those days—in fact, the news never reached Ireland at all. The money was in the Bank of England, and lay there till this year, when the descendants of Miss Jennings were advertised for. They appeared in the person of his Lordship; and the money, with interest, now amounts to the pretty little sum of five millions sterling. The ordinary mortal who could erect *Châteaux en Espagne* with five thousand, five hundred, or even five—well, what a country he would want to hold all the castles that could be built with five millions!

Great interest has been awakened in America by the engagement of one of the late H. W. Longfellow's daughters to a Mr. Thorp, whose mother was the leading spirit with regard to the exhibition of feminine industries at the Philadelphia Exhibition a few years ago. She is a woman of indomitable energy, and has done much in influencing the Legislature of her country in behalf of various measures affecting the well-being of her own sex, and her husband is a wealthy timber merchant. It may be remembered that, six years ago, Miss Sara Longfellow married Ole Bull, the celebrated violinist, who is a Norwegian. His mother lives at Bergen, and frequently entertains distinguished Americans for her son's sake. Last summer the Misses Longfellow were her guests, as well as Mr. Thorp, who, in fact, went over in order to escort them back to Cambridge. Whether love was spoken of before or after is not known, but the momentous question was put and answered during the voyage back to the States.

Prince Victor Napoleon, having fallen out with his father, is not in good odour either with his mother, Princess Clotilde, or with the Ex-Empress Eugénie; and consequently, Prince Louis, his younger brother, is being made much of. He is about to be placed under the care of Monsieur G. Poignant, son of a former Prefect of Algiers, and will go with that gentleman and his father to Rome. After a few days in the Eternal City the young Prince and his temporary guardian will start for Upper Egypt en route for Palestine, and after visiting the Holy Places will turn their faces homeward in March. They will remain for a week or two in Constantinople, then travel through Austria and Hungary, and reach Paris at the end of May. By that time Prince Victor may have changed his tactics, or, at all events, some political programme may have been devised by Plon-Plon and his friends.

Who is to be the new Principal of the University of Edinburgh? The post is not a very easy one to fill, and there are many who think that the erudite and kindly Principal Tulloch, of St. Andrews, would be the right man in the right place. Unfortunately, he is going down the hill of life, and his health is not as good as it has been; but his wisdom is ripe and his experience manifold. He may, perhaps, be out of the running because he is a clergyman, as the lay element has always predominated at Edinburgh; and, if so, it is more than probable that the vote of the Modern Athens may be strongly in favour of Professor Masson.

Diamonds have diminished in value of late years since they have been found in South Africa, and the value of other gems has risen in proportion. It is well known that the most splendid pearls in the world belong to Madame Gustave De Rothschild, and that the historic rubies of the House of Nassau are owned by Madame Nathaniel. Madame Euphrussi also has some magnificent rubies, and Mrs. Mackay has an enormous one, for which she paid £12,000 to Boucheron, of the Palais Royal. The Duchess of Edinburgh and the Prince de Bearn also have splendid sets of rubies.

Sapphires are not half so valuable as rubies, but they are the favourite jewels of our day. Of course, there are sapphires and sapphires; but the best are very limpid, and appear to have a great depth of colouring in them. The Branicki family has some valuable ones; but the finest known to be in existence is that given by the ex-Empress Eugénie to the Paris Museum of Natural History, which is worth £4000. Pink and black pearls are in high favour; but unfortunately it is easy to colour imperfect specimens, though the latter are easily tested by electricity. The newest gem comes from Siberia, and is called Alexandrite. In the sun, it is like an emerald; but by artificial light it has an amethyst tint, and gleams with other colours besides. It is equally becoming by day or night, and is therefore likely to be a great favourite with ladies.

The Women's Suffrage Calendar for the coming year really is a literary curiosity, and has evidently issued red-hot from the brain of some enthusiast for feminine rights. The days are marked by the birth or death of eminent women, or by some event, or the passing of some measure affecting them, and the general information includes a list of the registered lady-doctors, and useful directions as to where and from whom inquiries can be made respecting employment, education, emigration, sanitary and dress reform, and, though last not least, "clubs" for the weaker vessels. That there should be a species of manifesto about the franchise goes without saying, and the centre is adorned with a chart of the world's progress, which sets forth that the stone age was characterised by chaos, the bronze by force, the iron by tyranny, and the age of steam by equal law. A spinning-wheel and spear keep watch and ward over this document, and to the latter is attached the motto—

On Spear side or Spindle side,  
Let equal Law and Worth betide.

With the help of "merchant clothiers," who "trade on the no-credit principle," we have been enabled to "reform" our "tailors' bills," according to the excellent advice proffered during so many years (to small effect for a while) in the advertisements; and now it is high time that, with the help of the School Board, we began to reform our French. Novelists and journalists seem to forget that there is no necessity to use French terms when we have English terms that will do quite as well; and it is therefore wholly gratuitous to go to France for a word or expression—and blunder—when we have an equally good word or expression at home. Yet journalists and novelists do it daily. Here, at this very time of writing, there is, on one side of the writer, a journalist complaining of a "bête noir" (*sic*), as if that sort of creature were ever anything but feminine; and, on the other, a novelist mentioning "la première danseuse de la (*sic*) monde." And let nobody suggest "misprint"; the latter blunder is of a kind that renders the explanation impossible, and the other occurs so invariably and so often in the same journal that the explanation is inadmissible. It looks rather as if the journal were endeavouring to change the gender of a French word, as it is said that a French monarch succeeded in doing. And in these days "the Press is king": all the more reason that the Press should set a good example.

It really seems as if certain honest folk were under the impression that this world is intended to be a pleasant place of residence. They complain of all sorts of nuisances, from the shrill cry of the milkman at early morn to the startling screech of the railway-whistle in the dead of night. Now, it is more than probable that this world is intended to be—as it is to the majority—extremely un-pleasant; and the "brain-worker" and other gentry, who "are not as other men are," would do well to reflect that they too must "bear their cross" in some form or other. There is a rough sort of compensation in the arrangements of life, so that the men of wealth, culture, and refinement, have to pay for their superiority by suffering the tortures inflicted by the poor, the ignorant, the vulgar, who have no "nerves" to speak of and no consideration for those who have.

The dignity of the law and of humanity was well maintained in the "Mignonette case," both by the Judges and by the jury. The verdict and the sentence were both unimpeachable. Whatever sentiments one may cherish, however pitiful one may feel towards the unhappy men who were found guilty and sentenced, and thankful as one may be to be preserved from the dreadful trial to which they were exposed, it would never have done to let it go forth to mankind that in the eye of the English law apprehension of death from starvation would render killing no murder. If fear of starvation be a valid justification for murder, *à plus forte raison* is it for stealing; and yet the plea is rejected by the magistrates every day in this awful London, where a certain number of poor creatures, considering the workhouse worse than death, die from starvation—rather than commit robbery or murder or both—every year. And is murder less murder at sea than on dry land, or is starvation more starvation at sea than on land? The murder assuredly is not less; but the starvation may be more, because at sea there is no workhouse. Yet those who die of starvation on land must evidently prefer death to the workhouse, as they also evidently prefer death to theft or murder or both. But the subject is too awful to dwell upon.

Hermit, a horse that Mr. Chaplin described as "the best friend he ever had," once more stands at the head of the "winning sires" (that is, of the horses whose progeny won most money in stakes during the past season of horse-racing) with upwards of £29,000 to the credit of his sons and daughters. He is now just twenty years old; and it is curious that so great an authority as "The Druid" prophesied evil things about Hermit's probable career at the stud. So ticklish a matter is it to deal in predictions, or even to express opinions.

Notices of several Art exhibitions, reviews of books, and other articles are unavoidably postponed.

## CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

First of all, make way for his Majesty! *The Autocrat of the Nursery* (Hodder and Stoughton, publishers) is an imperious, courageous, delightful infant of three years, who calls himself "Tarlie." The lady, L. T. Meade, authoress of "Scamp and I," who tells us and her younger readers all about him, is assisted by Mr. T. Pym, an artist scarcely behind Miss Kate Greenaway in drawing children, with forty charming illustrations of this delightful nursery history. Charlie is a little cousin, unexpectedly imported, for grave family reasons, into a pleasant nursery, already populous with two elder boys, Jack and Harry, their kind little sister Nelly, and Dick the baby. It does us good to make their acquaintance, to hear the broken syllables of their "little language," and to witness their amusing frolics, though sometimes a trifle naughty, or at least troublesome to the elders; but this is a story to make children wish and try to be good.

Doctor Johnson, who did not know much about it, wise man as he was, said that babies do not like stories about babies, and that they would rather be entertained with tales of giants, fairies, goblins, and fierce wild beasts. Well, there are children who like these too; and the Christmas publishers have got plenty of books ready for them, full of supernatural as well as natural marvels. *Princess Nobody* (Longmans, Green, and Co.) is a "Tale of Fairy Land," by Mr. Andrew Lang; the illustrations, some tinted, some brightly coloured, are from drawings by the late Richard Doyle, and that is as much as to say that they abound in beauty and fancy. The reputed Princess, whom the King and Queen of a neighbouring country desire to find, bears the Italian name of "Niente," which strictly means "Nothing," but this they do not understand. How the Dwarf laid claim to her, by virtue of an incautious promise, how she was hidden away, and what a long journey was performed in search of her by Prince Comical, who finally became Prince Charming, let the juvenile lovers of romance learn from this pretty book.

Lady H. Somerset, in *Our Village Life* (Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.) has exerted her talents, both as an accomplished amateur artist, and as a writer of graceful verse inspired with the purest feeling, to produce a beautiful work, the sale of which is to profit the funds of a charitable institution. The Home for London Workhouse Girls, recently opened near her Ladyship's residence at Reigate Priory, is to gain a contribution to its pecuniary support from the public acceptance of this effort; but we can also testify that the book is one worth purchasing; the verses, which go straight to the heart of every lover of children, of rural life, of nature, of human kindness and religious trust, have a simple melody that is pleasing to the ear; while the pictures, correctly drawn and nicely coloured, are agreeable to the eye of taste.

The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, which does much, in a wide and liberal spirit, to popularise the results of sound literary and historical scholarship, does not forget the innocent reading pleasures of the lambs of the human flock. An inviting display of cheap and pretty little books, the decorated paper covers of which are remarkably tasteful, now lies on our table. Mr. Richard André, the artistic designer of most or all of these, merits high commendation; but the effect of his drawings is best seen in those reproduced with a single brown tint, which are inserted alternately with the pages of coloured pictures. This observation does not apply to *Little Blossom: A Book of Child-Fancies*, which is wholly coloured, and is altogether of superior quality; some of the fairy-scenes remind us of Richard Doyle. "Dame Durden's Copper Kettle," "The Magic Ring," "Doll's House-Keeping," "Touch Him if you Dare," "May's Muff, or Rich and Poor," "Tiny Shoes," "Tongues in Trees," "Uncle Jim," "Papa Poodle and other Pets," "Make-believe and Reality," "Little Boys and Wooden Horses," "The Child's Illustrated Scripture History," in four parts, and "The Bluebells on the Lea," by Juliana Horatia Ewing, offer a shilling choice for parents and children with no chance of disappointment. Mrs. Ewing, the author of a charming little tale, "Jackanapes," which moved our hearts last year or the year before, gives us another of the same kind, "Daddy Darwin's Dovecot," illustrated by Mr. Randolph Caldecott, and it is equally good, full of sweet humour and sweeter kindness; the brief life-history of Jack March, a brave little workhouse boy, who is fascinated by the flight of Mr. Darwin's tumbler pigeons, gets himself apprenticed to the lonely old man, the owner of the Dovecot, and behaves so faithfully that his fortune is made—indeed, a noble little story! Jack March and Jackanapes are juvenile worthies, to our mind, more deserving of immortal remembrance than Jack the Giant-killer, or Jack of the Beanstalk.

*Mabel in Rhymeland* (Griffith and Farran) is, like our beloved "Alice in Wonderland," the right girl in the right place, and in many odd places she meets the oddest people of the dear old popular fancies. Her travelling experiences are told by Mr. Edward Holland, C.C.S., in excellent modern prose, dedicated affectionately to the memory of his own father and mother, who taught his infancy to love the Nursery Rhymes. Her procedure is similar to that of the immortal Alice. At the foot of a splendid and solid rainbow, she finds a funny little old man; the real Man in the Moon, who has come sliding down to earth, meaning to ask his way to Norwich. He takes Mabel for his guide on the road, and they encounter the Old Woman who Lived in a Shoe, Tom the Piper's Son, Humpty-Dumpty, Old King Cole (whose Court they visit), Mary Quite Contrary, the Three Wise Men of Gotham, the whole train of performers in and about the House that Jack Built, Little Jack Horner, Little Boy Blue, the Lion and the Unicorn, and finally the Knights of Arthur's Round Table. Though it is a delightful book for children, it is not a childish book, and their elders will discover in it some wisdom, as well as humour and playful imagination. The engravings, drawn by A. Chasemore, are vigorously designed and full of character; and the volume is neatly got up.

The same general idea is worked out by Mr. George Sadler in *Heroes and Heroines of Nursery History* (publishers, Hildesheimer and Faulkner) with illustrations by Frank Cox, some of which are printed in colours. The brother and sister, Freddy and Margery, walk in a dream, and see with their own eyes, as people can see in sleep, Jack and Jill tumbling off the Hill, which they presently ascend, and journey on to the house of Old Mother Hubbard, and to the Palace of the King and Queen of Hearts, making acquaintance, by the way, with many legendary persons, whose fame precedes that of the Kings of England in the historical learning of childhood. The narrative is spirited, and the pictures are clever and lively. From the same publishers we have *Out of Town*, a book of bright and melodious verses by F. E. Weatherly, illustrated with coloured pictures by Linnie Watt, and ozonotype vignettes by Ernest Wilson, the artistic beauty of which merits particular notice. *Two Children*, also by Mr. Weatherly, with illustrations by Ellen Edwards, is a pretty story of a runaway pair (he was six and she was four) eloping to get married. *Children's Voices* is a song-book with the written music arranged by Mr. Robert Addison, and with numerous drawings by Miss Harriett Bennett, which have their charms to the eye.

We are compelled by want of space to defer some other notices of children's illustrated Christmas books.



## ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

This week, happily, no apology is needed for "talking about a lot of old books" (a misdeed of which the present writer is so often accused); since during the last few days the talk of the town has been almost exclusively devoted to the Syston Library sale. For the purpose of attending that sale I did not come home from Brussels in Brabant. I returned on a far different errand—namely, to eat my Christmas dinner among old friends, and to bid everybody Good-bye.

Not for me is it to compete with millionaire booksellers and long-pursed amateurs for rare editions of the Scriptures or the classics; to bid phenomenal sums for manuscripts illuminated on vellum, "tall copies," and block-books. The highest ambition of the book-collector who is poor, and the bibliomaniac in whose madness there is some method, should be, I take it, of a dual nature. In the first place, he must be indefatigable in the endeavour to get together as many books on as many possibly conceivable subjects as ever his means will allow him to do; in the next place (and this is the methodical side of book-madness), his motto should be "nunquam dormio," and he should be continually on the look-out (in remote suburbs, on the shabbiest book-stalls, at brokers' shops, and if need be, in costermongers' barrows in the New-Cut) for works which his reading tells him are curious, and which his experience convinces him are scarce. As for the prices which he gives for such *trouvailles*, they may range between sixpence and eighteenpence. Then he should spend from one to three guineas on the binding of his book, and calmly live on in the hope that the world will find it after many days (when the collector is sold up), and reward his quietly speculative investment with a good round sum.

In the meantime, the Mazarin Bible has brought at the Syston sale the amazing sum of three thousand five hundred pounds. I note in the highly interesting catalogue of the library of Sir Mark Masterman Sykes, "sold by Mr. Evans, at his house, 93, Pall-mall," in 1824, a "Biblia Sacra Latina, upon vellum, 1462, printed by Gutenberg, the first book printed with metal type." Was this the brother of the three-thousand-nine-hundred-pounds Bible, or Sir Mark Sykes's own copy?

Mem.: I note that in the Syston sale a copy of "Horæ, B.V. Venitiis, Aldus, 1505," fetched sixty pounds. In the Sykes sale, the Aldine "Horæ" brought, although described as "extremely rare," twenty-seven pounds six shillings and sixpence. In the Sykes sale the first Aldine Horace, of 1501, described as "very rare," was knocked down for fifteen guineas. In the Syston sale the first Aldine Horace fetched thirty pounds; but this copy is on large paper, with painted initials.

"How many things are there here that I do not want!" exclaimed Socrates, as he rambled through the market-place. In the matter of "very scarce" and "extremely scarce" old books, it is wise to "say ditto" to the son of Sophroniscus. I can dispense with the Mazarin Bible. I can buy an Authorised Version for sixpence. I shall not be destitute for want of the Farmer Generals' Edition of the "Contes de la Fontaine." The absence from my shelves of any Caxtons and any Wynkyn de Worde troubles me not; nay, to me the fiftieth is as sufficing as the first edition of the "Pickwick Papers." Life, perhaps, might be found tolerable, and even enjoyable, without the possession of a "Carmina" Horace or a "unique" Josephus with five miniatures: such a one as was sold in the Syston sale for two hundred and seventy-five pounds. But the case is altered when it comes to a Shakspeare first folio of 1623.

Mem.: Mr. J. Herbert Slater, in his "Library Manual" (J. Upcott Gill, 1883), says that a copy of the first edition of 1623 sells at about two hundred pounds; and the second at about thirty pounds; but that the third edition of 1663 is scarcer, and consequently more valuable than the second. It is scarce, for the reason that the bulk of this edition (stored with many more tons of literature in the crypt of St. Paul's) was burnt in the Great Fire of 1666. The fourth edition, of 1685 is, according to Mr. Slater, worth only twelve pounds.

There are, however, obviously, first folios the present value of which it is next to the impossible to appraise. One of the very finest first folios in existence is that belonging to the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, which was purchased at the sale of the library of Mr. George Daniell, the antiquarian, I apprehend, who contributed "Merrie England in the Olden Time" to *Bentley's Miscellany*, in the palmy days of that famous periodical. The Syston first folio may be a quarter of an inch "taller" than the Baroness's copies; but in the latter there is no inlaying, no painting in and patching up of defective words or letters. From title to colophon all is sound and whole. There is the portrait by Martin Droeshout, in the first and beautiful state of the plate; and there is Ben Jonson's rhymed eulogy on Shakspeare, not inserted from other copies, but integral parts of the superb book, which is in splendid condition, and looks as fresh as though it had been printed yesterday. Lady Burdett-Coutts also possesses a first folio, generally in first-rate condition, but with the portrait inlaid. This copy came from the library of Sir Francis Burdett.

But farewell—a long farewell to the beloved old books. Let me say something about new ones. The first is a foreigner. Ladies and gentlemen—ladies especially—what do you say to a milliner and dressmaker's bill one thousand closely-printed quarto pages long, and adorned with engravings highly coloured of the "fashions"? Such a prodigious chronicle of the vanity of vanities did I bring from Brussels in the shape of a work just published by the historic house of Firmin-Didot, Paris, entitled "Modes et Usages du Temps de Marie Antoinette. Livre Journal de Madame Eloffé, Marchande de Modes; Couturière Lingère Ordinaire de la Reine et des Dames de sa Cour. 1787-1790." The wonderful milliner's bill only covers a period of four years. But what years!

The editor of this interesting work is M. le Comte De Reiset, "ancien Ministre Plénipotentiaire," and, I should say, an ardent Royalist, who shares with Lord Ronald Gower in an almost devotional *cultus* for the hapless consort of Louis XVI. Count De Reiset had the rare good fortune to obtain from an enthusiastic book collector, M. Guénot, the manuscript of the account-book of Marie Antoinette's milliner and mantua maker, and the contents of this tome he has published in *extenso*, down to the record of the price of a yard and a half of "gaze d'Angleterre pour le corps d'un fichu," and half a yard of "point d'Alençon" for a pair of cuffs. M. De Reiset warmly contends that the Queen was not nearly so extravagant in her toilette as her enemies have asserted her to have been, and that the Royal Princesses spent as much as, if not more than, she did on personal finery. Even when at the height of her grandeur and splendour at Versailles, the daughter of Maria Theresa was not above having her dresses turned and her under-garments mended.

But M. De Reiset follows the poor Queen far beyond Versailles. He follows her to the Tuileries, to Varennes, to the Temple, and to the Conciergerie, where the few wretched rags which formed the wardrobe of "la Veuve Capet" used to be washed at the prison pump by the jailer's compassionate daughter. He describes the garb in which the Widow Capet entered the tumbril which conveyed her to the scaffold—"A gown of white *piqué*, a muslin *fichu*, little black ribbons at her wrists, a white mob-cap, black cotton stockings, and a pair of shoes in the most miserable condition." A whole volume of sermons might be written on the "Livre Journal de Madame Eloffé," and M. De Reiset's commentary thereon.

Mem.: Among the noble ladies who were the most extravagant customers of Madame Eloffé, I find the name of Marie Therèse Louise de Savoie-Carignan, Princesse de Lamballe. On the skirts and hoops and flounces of that poor, pretty, murdered lady I am not about to descant; but her name recalls an anecdote of the ghastly-humorous kind which I read, recently, in some foreign paper or another, and which I commend to the attention of Mr. F. C. Burnand and his colleagues in the popular and highly-remunerative profession of which he is so bright an ornament.

On the evening of Sept. 3, 1792, a young French dramatic author was pacing the ordinarily tranquil Place des Victoires, Paris, cudgelling his brains for a satisfactory *dénouement* to the third act of a new melodrama. Suddenly the Place was invaded by a howling, screeching mob, at the head of which was a knot of ruffianly men, their arms bared and smeared with blood up to the elbows. One of these wretches held aloft on a pike the gory head of the murdered Princesse de Lamballe. "That wouldn't make a bad wind-up to my third act," mused the dramatist; but it's scarcely strong enough. The gallery might miss the head. It wants a fire or an explosion, or something of that kind." Is truth always stranger than fiction? The dramatist evidently had his doubts on the subject. In these days the dramatist might "strengthen the situation" by concentrating the lime-light on the Princesse de Lamballe's head.

By-the-way, I read in *Punch* of the current week, in a paragraph headed "An Easter Offering," the old lines—

No Sun upon an Easter Day  
Was half so fine a sight,

attributed to Herrick. But they belong, dear *Punch*, not to Herrick, but to Sir John Suckling, and are to be found in his "Ballad on a Wedding," apropos of the bride:—

Her feet beneath her petticoat  
Like little mice stole in and out  
As if they feared the light;  
And oh! she dances such a way  
No Sun upon an Easter Day  
Was half so fine a sight.

The poetic image refers, obviously, to the beautiful old tradition that the sun dances with exultation on Easter morning. I have often thought that the curious choreographic rite periodically celebrated in the Cathedral at Seville, when the child-choristers dance to the sound of castanets, had something to do with this antique superstition.

So the United Kingdom Alliance, the Temperance League, the Band of Hope, the Blue Ribbon Army, the Church of England Temperance Association, and the rest of the Teetotal organisations, are not to have things entirely their own way. I have seen the Prospectus of the "Moderationist Alliance," a body of which the promoters deprecate the application of State coercion to the liquor traffic, and deny the efficacy of compulsory universal total abstinence, which, they maintain, "would be in the great majority of cases highly injurious to those who were forced to submit to it."

The guiding spirits of the Moderationist Alliance (which seems to have sprung from the famous anti-teetotal article in the *Times* and a paper on "Moderation or Total Abstinence" in the November number of the *Fortnightly Review*) lay down three distinct propositions: first, that the moderate and reasonable consumption of alcoholic drinks has a distinctly salutary effect on the great bulk of the inhabitants of cold and temperate climates, enabling them to put forth a greater amount of physical and mental power than could be derived from a diet from which alcohol was excluded; second, that drunkards, as a class by themselves, are already diminishing under the influence of civilisation; and, thirdly, that any interference with the liberty of the individual, with the freedom of trade, or with the security of property, must necessarily tend to the impoverishment of the community, and to the deterioration of the moral fibre of the race in which such interference is permitted.

On the doctrine thus proclaimed by the incipient Moderationist Alliance I give no opinion one way or the other; and it is indeed a blessing (not only to myself but to my readers) to reflect that for the next fifteen months (dating from Boxing

Day) I shall have no opinions on any home questions, political or social whatsoever. For the nonce, however, it may be permissible to quote the epitome of a speech on compulsory abstinence, which, according to the learned editor of "Les Dons de Comus; ou l'Art de la Cuisine" (Paris, 1758), was once delivered in the Roman Forum by a Tribune of the People. "Citizens," said the orator—

By this new sumptuary law it is sought to impose on you a yoke to which you ought not to submit. What could be more preposterous than the enactment of an edict which makes temperance obligatory and forces you to be sober against your will? Pay no attention therefore to this new-fangled and intolerable legislation. If you obey it, where is the use of that Liberty of which you profess to be so proud; but which would become a mockery if every one was not allowed to ruin himself as he chooses and to perish according to his fancy?

I regret to add that this outspoken citizen (whose utterances might not have been wholly disapproved of by Mr. Herbert Spencer, had the distinguished author of "The Coming Slavery" been a citizen of ancient Rome) was, at the instance of the Censor Lucilius Flaccus, expelled the Senate.

"Christmas Time: Remember the turkeys." A correspondent writing from Ram Bagh, Dehra Doon, N.W.P., India, sends me a card bearing the above heading, and in which "Householders and Hosts" are reminded that cooks have a horrible way of killing turkeys—by tearing out the tongue. "It is begged," continues the author of this plea for the maltreated turkeys, "that the birds shall be killed as other table-fowl are—by *halâl*, and that proof be exacted; as the other way of dealing with the poor birds is as needless as it is horrible. I trust that in this country the cooks, or at least the poulterers, do not tear out the tongues of turkeys, but that they slaughter them by the *halâl* process. I have not the slightest notion whether *halâl* means wringing the neck or cutting the throat of a fowl; but it is presumably a humane way of dispatching poultry.

Not quite so humane, perhaps, as the "Euthanasia for Animals," on which the admirable Dr. Benjamin Ward Richardson has been lecturing at the rooms of the Society of Arts. The philanthropic physician has arrived at the conviction that the best thing wherewith to induce the sleep of death in animals is carbonic oxide generated from charcoal. Dr. Richardson has been investigating the subject during several years, but being lately called upon to superintend the erection of a "lethal chamber" for the Dogs' Home at Battersea, he has been enabled to reduce his theories to practice. By means of a very simple apparatus, any number of animals can be cheaply and expeditiously lulled into the slumber from which there is no waking; and at Battersea, since the middle of May last, no less than seven thousand dogs have been painlessly killed.

There is no reason, thinks Dr. Richardson, why all animals intended for the food of man should not be rendered insensible before being slaughtered. Indeed, the "Model Abattoirs Society" is already engaged in fitting up a "lethal chamber" on a butcher's premises. The meat, Dr. Richardson tells us, was in no way harmed by the previous stupefaction of the animal; and the blood flowed as freely as it would have done by the ordinary mode of slaughter. The worthy Doctor also explained how a smaller and ambulatory "lethal chamber" was being constructed, "which might be employed for the euthanasia of domestic pets whose life through old age or injury had become a misery to them."

Mem.: When a French working-girl whom poverty or disappointment in love has made weary of life is determined to put an end to it, she "promotes the euthanasia" in a very simple but quite practical manner. Three halfpennyworth of charcoal placed in a tin brasier will do the business. She stops up with rags or paper every aperture or crevice in her garret which could possibly give entrance to the air; and then she kindles the charcoal and goes to bed and is suffocated, and—generally—she dies. This is not called euthanasia, but suicide by asphyxia. There was a hideous representation of the operation in a picture exhibited not long since in the Paris Salon.

Query: Is the time hopelessly far distant when some man of science as skilful and as benevolent as Dr. Benjamin Richardson will be appointed *exécuteur des hautes œuvres*, to carry out the supreme behests of the criminal law? Why not have a "lethal chamber" at Newgate for the promotion, if not of the "euthanasia," at least of the "thanatos," of condemned murderers.

Replying to my string of questions referring to that benefactor of all those who are ambitious to read, write, and speak a language in six months, Dr. H. G. Ollendorff, "One Who Knows" (Southsea) kindly tells me that the polyglot Doctor was known to him; that he was for many years a teacher of languages in Paris; that his method of teaching the German language was first published about five-and-forty years ago, that he has been dead twenty years, and that his publishing business in the Rue de Richelieu is carried on by his only son, Paul Ollendorff. As the name of "Le Docteur H. G. Ollendorff" appears on the titlepage of his "Méthode appliquée au Russe" as the author of that useful compendium, which was published only in 1882, it follows either that the Doctor must have left the unpublished manuscript of the Russian method at his death twenty years ago, or that he dictated it by spiritual agency from the Elysian Fields.

G. A. S.

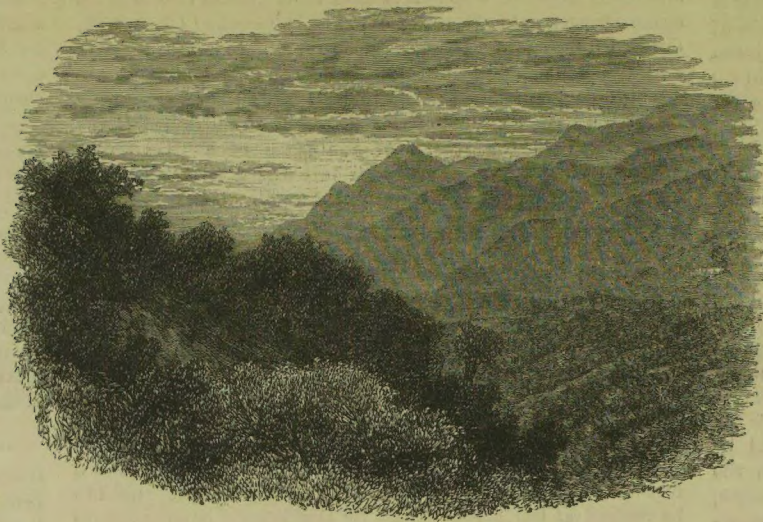
## NEW STORY.

Mr. Francillon's Tale, "Ropes of Sand," will be brought to a close in the Number for Dec. 27; and with the New Year will begin a New Story, entitled "Adrian Vidal," by W. E. Norris, Author of "Mademoiselle de Mersac," "Matrimony," "Thirby Hall," and other works.





MR. JOSEPH THOMSON, F.R.G.S.



VIEW LOOKING DOWN THE GORGE IN THE KAMARIA MOUNTAINS.



BUFFALO HORNS.



CHIEF AND ATTENDANT.



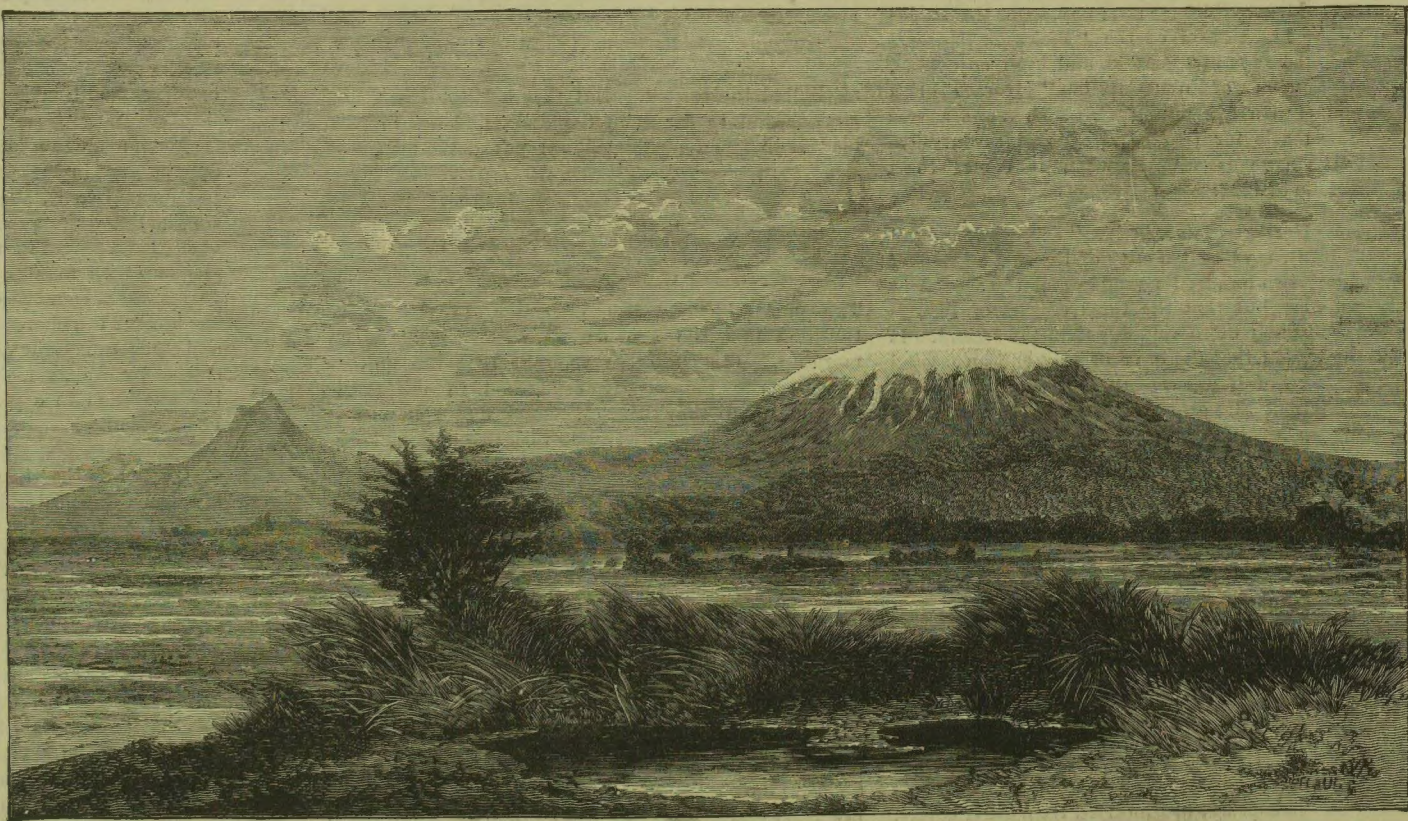
MASAI WOMEN.



MASAI WARRIORS.



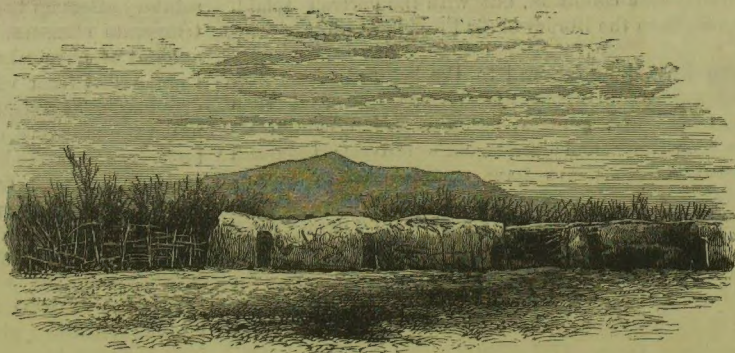
A NATIVE GUIDE.



KILIMANJARO AND MOUNT KIBO.

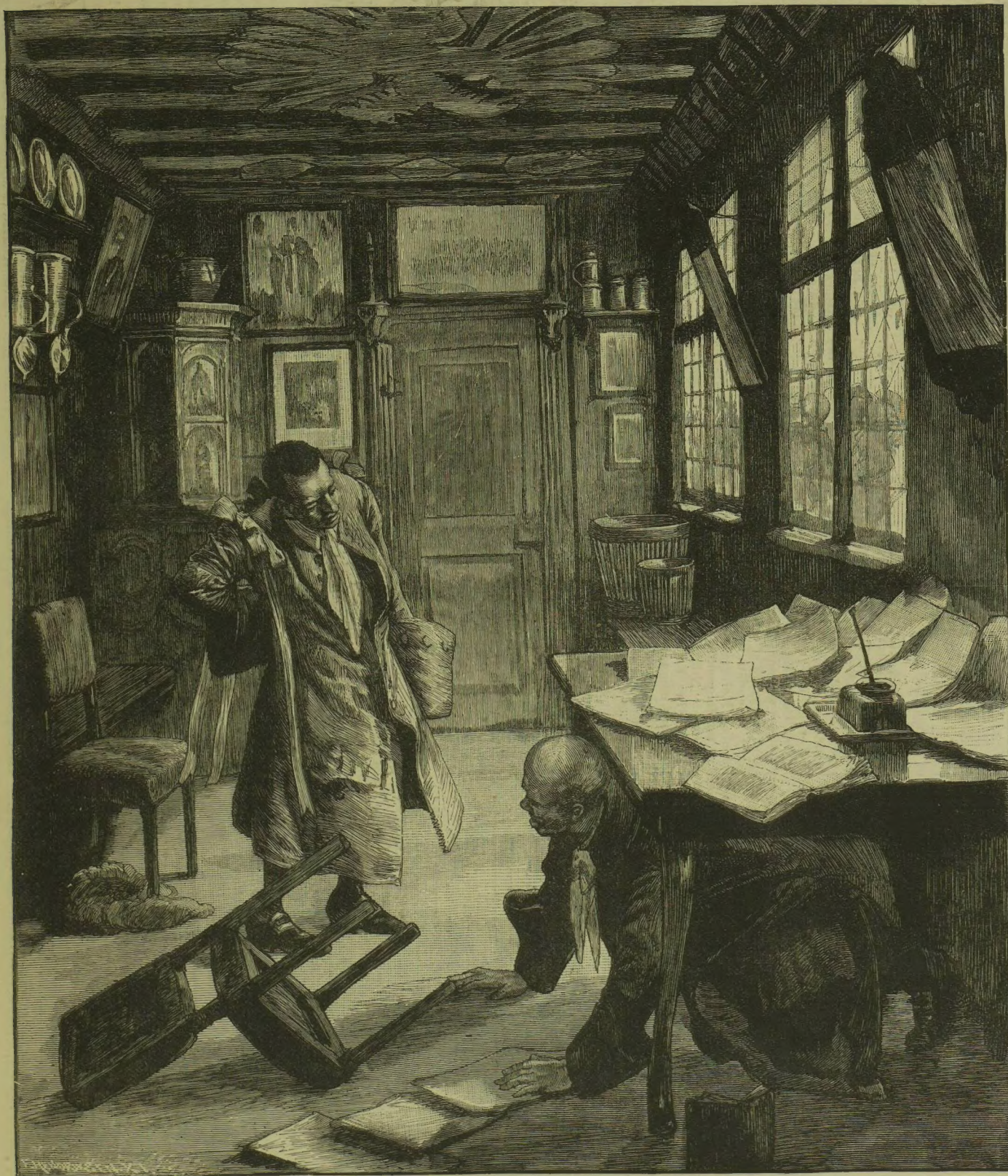


FORTIFIED CAMP OF THE EXPEDITION.

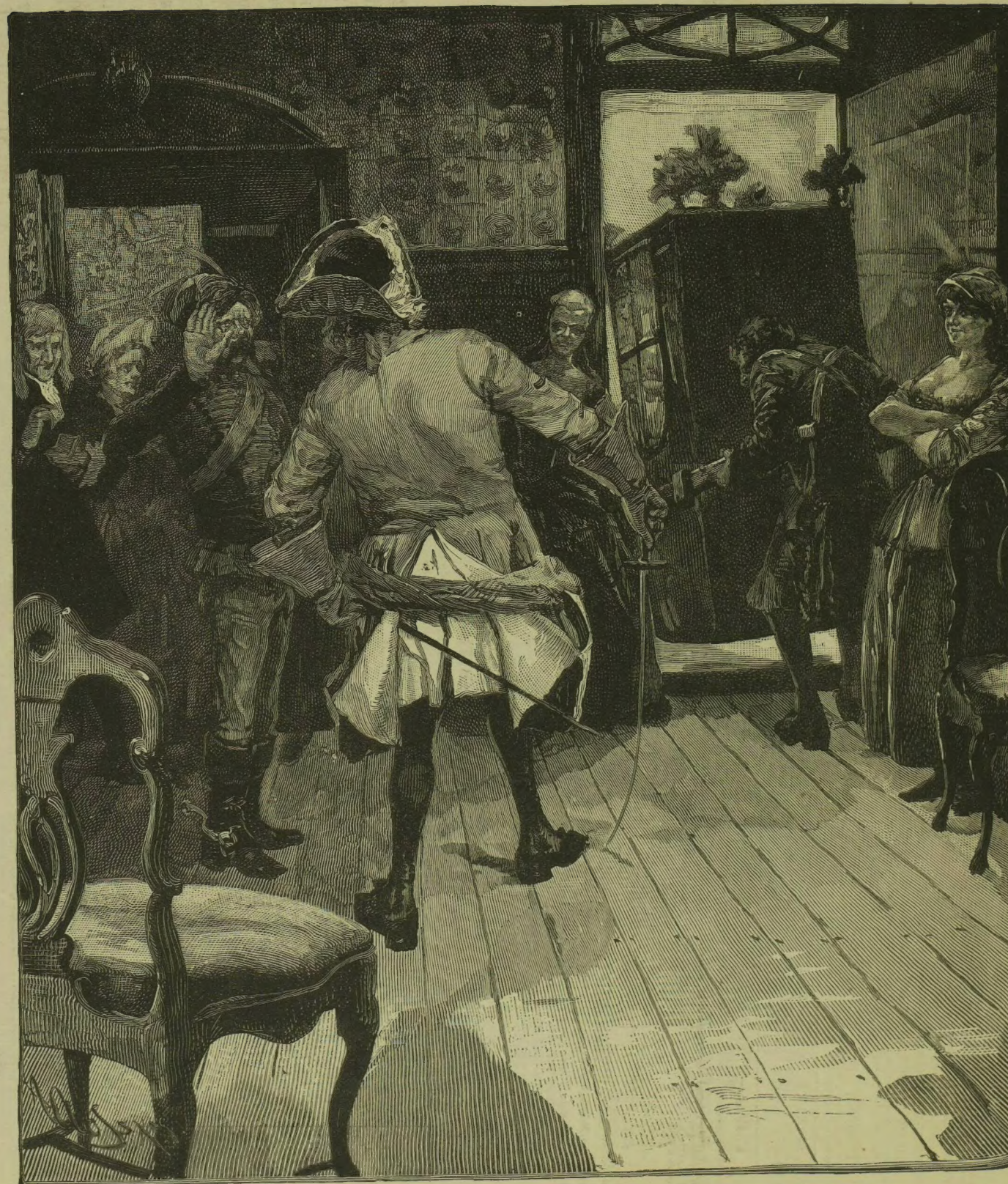


MASAI KRAAL.





SCENE FROM "THE TINKER POLITICIAN."



SCENE FROM "JAKOB VON THYBOE, OR THE BRAGGING SOLDIER."

ILLUSTRATIONS, BY HANS TEGNER, FROM THE "JUBILEE EDITION" OF HOLBERG'S PLAYS, PUBLISHED BY E. BOJESSEN, OF COPENHAGEN, FOR THE HOLBERG JUBILEE FESTIVAL.



## DEATH.

On the 11th inst., at Mowbray, Beckenham, Caroline, third daughter of the late Rev. Frederick Neve, Vicar of Warden, Bedfordshire, aged 72.

\* \* The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.

**THE VALE OF TEARS.**—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died, NOW ON VIEW at the DORÉ GALLERY, 88, New Bond-street, with his other great pictures. Ten to Six Daily. Is.

**ANNO DOMINI**, by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—This great Work is NOW ON VIEW, together with other important works, at the GALLERIES, 108, New Bond-street. Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

**ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.**—The WINTER EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN, 5, Pall-Mall East, from Ten till Five. Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.

ALFRED D. FRIPP, R.W.S., Secretary.

**MONTE CARLO.—MUSICAL SEASON (CONCERTS, REPRESENTATIONS).**

In addition to the usual Concerts, directed by Monsieur Romeo Accursi, the Société des Bains de Mer de Monaco has authorised M. Pasdeloup to arrange a Series of Extraordinary Grand Musical Entertainments (Concerts, Representations) this Winter.

The services of the following distinguished Artists have been already retained:—  
Meadames Kreuss, Messieurs, Faure,  
" Devries, " Vergnet,  
" Salla, " Capoul,  
" Bonello, " Biorkstein,  
" Frank-Duvernoy, " Conturrier,  
" Belloua, " Villaret,  
" Simonnet, " cc.

In addition to which the celebrated Instrumentalists will appear:

**VIOLINISTS:**  
Mons. Sivori, Mons. Marsik, Miss N. Carpenter, American artiste, 1st Conservatoire Prize, 1883.  
**PIANISTS:** Mons. Planté, Mons. Th. Ritter, Madame Essipoff.  
**HARPIST:** Mons. Hasselmans.

These Extraordinary Representations will be given each Wednesday and Saturday, commencing the end of January and continuing the middle of March.  
The Classical Concerts every Thursday.

## TIR AUX PIGEONS DE MONACO.

The opening of the Tir aux Pigeons of Monaco will take place Dec. 16. The following is the Programme:—

Saturday, Dec. 20: Prix de Décembre.  
Tuesday, Dec. 23: Prix de Monte-Carlo.  
Saturday, Dec. 27: Prix de Noël.

The GRAND INTERNATIONAL CONCOURS will take place in the following order:—

Saturday, Jan. 10: Grande Poule d'Essai. A Purse of 2000f. added to a Poule of 100f. each.

Tuesday, Jan. 13: Prix d'Ouverture. A Purse of 3000f. added to 100f. entrance.

Friday, Jan. 16, and Saturday, Jan. 17: Grand Prix du Casino. An object of Art and 20,000f. added to 200f. entrance.

Monday, Jan. 19: Prix de Monte Carlo. Grand Free Handicap. A Purse of 5000f. added to 100f. entrance.

Thursday, Jan. 22: Prix de Consolation. An object of Art and 1000f.

Letters of entry to be addressed to M. BLOUXIN, Secretary of the Tir à Monaco, not later than Five o'Clock on the evening previous to the Tir.

The Concours of the Second Series will be duly announced.

**NEWS FROM NICE.**—The weather is really splendid, the temperature ranging from 60 deg. to 65 deg. in the shade. The sun shines almost perpetually, and the influence of warm rays makes life enjoyable to all, and more especially to those who have by illness or otherwise sought its influence.

There has been an almost entire absence of rain for several months, but this has not interfered with the sanitary arrangements of the city, as its streets and roads are daily watered from the mountain stream of the Vesuvio, which is also used for flushing the drains, which are, in addition, cleansed or disinfected by purifying chemical compounds.

The streets, now brushed daily, were never so clean and tidy, which fact, perhaps, accounts for the total absence of epidemics; and the average mortality of the city is less than many fashionable towns in England.

Four resident English medical men are in practice here, and would, I am sure, be willing to communicate with any intending visitors desirous of satisfying their nervous fears as to the healthfulness of the town by addressing Doctors West, Sturge, or Wakefield, or Mr. Nicholls, the English qualified chemist here. In future, there will be an authorised tribunal for this purpose, as a hygienic society of medical men, French, English, and others, is now in course of formation, so that untruthful scandals as to the sanitary condition of Nice may be avoided or exposed.

The Prolongation of the Promenade des Anglais is complete, and forms one of the finest drives in the Riviera. The police force has been reorganised, and its members are now entitled to a pension after faithful services, which fact will doubtless give them more moral force in the execution of their functions.

The Italian Theatre, a very handsome building, has been reconstructed and enlarged, and a grand ball of inauguration will be given in February.

The Casino Theatre is giving its entertainments; and the Théâtre des Français, of which Mr. Cortelazzo is the able Director, has an excellent Troupe de Comédie, as also some star artists for the Opéra Comique.

The Jetty Promenade, due to an arrangement at last effected between the Fire Insurance Company and the Directors of the Pier, is, they say, to be immediately rebuilt. The Races will take place in February. The renowned Carnival will surpass all others, and the Regattas will form an important part of the attractions, particulars of which anon.

The visitors are daily arriving in increased numbers, and those English who were too timid to pass through Paris, have nevertheless found the means of coming on here by way of Amiens, Reims, and Dijon; while several who fear led into Switzerland during the panic are now en route to this bright and sunny land.

Nice, Dec. 8, 1884.

**PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—MR. WILSON BARRETT,** Lessee and Manager.—EVERY EVENING, at 7.45, HAMLET. Messrs. Wilson Barrett, Speakman, Dewhurst, Willard, Clifford Cooper, Frank Cooper, Crauford, Haddon, Dooce, De Solia, Evans, Fulton, Foss, &c., and George Barrett. Messdames Eastlake, Dickens, Denny, &c. Box office, 9.30 to 11.30. No fees. Matinees, at 1.30, this day, Saturday, Dec. 20, and Friday next, Dec. 26. Closed Dec. 22, 23, 24, and 25. Business Manager, J. H. Cobbe.

**NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE, BISHOPSGATE.**

The Gorgeous Pantomime CINDERELLA, CHRISTMAS EVE and EVERY EVENING at Seven. Morning Performances Boxing Day, Dec. 26, Saturday, 9.30 to 11.30, and every Monday, Tuesday, and Saturday, at 1.30, to which (Boxing Day excepted) children under ten half-price. Written and produced by John Douglas.

**CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.**

LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.—ROYAL MAIL ROUTE.

The Express-Trains of the London and North-Western Railway afford the most expeditious means of reaching the principal towns in the North of England, the Midland Manufacturing Districts, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales including Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Chester, Dublin, Shrewsbury, Lamington, Wolverhampton, Preston, Carlisle, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Perth, Dundee, Aberdeen, Inverness. A fast and frequent service of trains is run from London (Euston) to Birmingham (New-street) under three hours. London (Euston) to Manchester (London-road) under four hours and a half. London (Euston) to Liverpool (Lime-street) in four hours and a half. First, Second, and Third Class by all Trains.

**WEST COAST ROUTE TO AND FROM SCOTLAND.**  
Direct Trains to and from London (Euston), Birmingham (New-street) Liverpool (Lime-street), Manchester (Exchange), &c., and Edinburgh, Glasgow, Greenock, Perth, Aberdeen, Inverness, and the North.

**PARCELS.**—Special arrangements have been made for the quick transit and prompt delivery of Parcels and Christmas Presents, and THROUGH VANS will be run between London and all principal places by EXPRESS-TRAINS for the accommodation of this traffic. Parcels should be addressed "Per L. and N.W. Railway."

Single Horse Omnibuses sent on application to Hotels or Private Residences for the conveyance to Euston Station of intending travellers.

Charges.—Distances under Six Miles, One Shilling per Mile. Minimum, Three Shillings. For distances over Six Miles, or when Two Horses are used at the request of a Passenger, One Shilling and Sixpence per Mile.

Euston Station, December, 1884. G. FINDLAY, General Manager.

**CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY ARRANGEMENTS.**

LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.  
ALL EXPRESS ORDINARY RETURN TICKETS issued on DEC. 23, 24, and 25 will be available for the Return Journey by any Train of the same description and class, up to and including Monday, Dec. 29, except those issued for a less distance than ten miles.

**PORTSMOUTH AND THE ISLE OF WIGHT.**

EXTRA TRAINS, Dec. 22, 23, and 24.—The Fast Train leaving Victoria 4.55 p.m., and London Bridge 5.0 p.m. will take passengers for Ryde, Bembridge, Sandown, Shanklin, Ventnor, and on the 24th to Cowes and Newport also (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class).

CHRISTMAS DAY Extra Fast Trains (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class) from Portsmouth Harbour 7.0 and 8.25 a.m. to London. Boats in connection from Ryde 6.30 and 7.50 a.m.

**BRIGHTON EVERY SUNDAY AND ON CHRISTMAS DAY.**—Cheap First-Class Trains from Victoria 10.45 a.m. and 12.50 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s.

A Pullman Drawing-room Car is run in the 10.45 a.m. Train from Victoria to Brighton, returning from Brighton by the 8.40 p.m. Train. Special Cheap Fare from Victoria, including Pullman Car, 12s., available by these Trains only.

**CHRISTMAS EVE EXTRA LATE TRAIN.**—A Special Train will leave London Bridge at Midnight, Wednesday, Dec. 24, for Redhill, Brighton, Lewes, Eastbourne, St. Leonards, Hastings, Worthing, Chichester, Havant, and Portsmouth (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class).

**BRANCH BOOKING OFFICES.**—For the convenience of

Passengers who may desire to take their Tickets in advance, the following Branch Booking Offices, in addition to those at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations, are now open for the issue of Tickets to all Stations on the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, to the Isle of Wight, Paris, and the Continent, &c.:—

1. The Company's West-End Booking-Office, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, W., and 2, Great Hotel-buildings.

Cook's Tourist Offices, Ludgate-circus and Euston-road.

Gaze's Tourist Offices, 142, Strand.

Hay's City Agency, 4, Royal Exchange-buildings, Cornhill.

Letts and Co., 33, King William-street, City.

Whiteley's, 6, Westbourne-grove, Portico.

Jakins' The Red Cap, 6, Camden-road.

Tickets issued at these Offices will be dated to suit the convenience of passengers.

\* These Two Offices will remain open until 10.0 p.m. on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, Dec. 22, 23, and 24.

For further particulars see Handbills and Time-Books to be had at all Stations and at any of the above Offices. (By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

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ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.

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THE

REOPEN CHRISTMAS EVE.

GRAND DAY PERFORMANCE at Three.

GRAND NIGHT PERFORMANCE at Eight.

On Boxing Day the Twentieth Annual Series of Holiday Performances will commence in the St. James's Grand Hall. 5000 Seats. Great Programme for the Holidays.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW-YEAR'S HOLIDAYS, 1884-5.

ST. JAMES'S GRAND HALL,

REGENT-STREET AND PICCADILLY.

**MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS'**

TWENTIETH ANNUAL CARNIVAL OF MUSIC AND FUN,

Will commence on BOXING DAY, DEC. 26.

On and after which date the MONSTER HOLIDAY PROGRAMME will be given EVERY AFTERNOON at Three, EVERY NIGHT at Eight, until Jan. 19.

ALL NEW AND BEAUTIFUL SONGS.

New Budget of SCREAMINGLY FUNNY STORIES, NEW COMIC SKETCHES.

NEW AND IMPORTANT ADDITIONS TO THE GREAT COMPANY.

FIVE THOUSAND SEATS.

Prices of Admission:—Fauenteils, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 2s.; Great Area and Gallery, 2500 places, whence all can see with comfort, 1s.

For Booking facilities, see separate advertisement.

**MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS.**

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY PERFORMANCES at ST. JAMES'S GREAT HALL, ANNIVERSARY on BOXING DAY.

Tickets can now be obtained, and places booked one month in advance, at Austin's Universal Ticket Office, St. James's Hall. Residents in the country can secure tickets and places by post, upon sending cheque or P.O.O., together with stamps and directed envelope, to Mr. A. Austin, St. James's Hall.

Prices of Admission:—Fauenteils, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 2s.; Great Area and Gallery, 1s.

## DYNAMITE AT LONDON BRIDGE.

Another silly attempt, or pretence of an attempt, to destroy an important structure by dynamite, was made in London last Saturday evening; but with no greater result than the breaking of many panes of glass in the neighbourhood by the concussion of the air. At twenty minutes to six o'clock, it appears, some rascal probably belonging to the notorious gang of Irish-American conspirators, whose head-quarters are in the city of New York, and whose sole object is to get money from their credulous dupes by showing their power to excite an alarm in this country, dropped an explosive apparatus over the eastern parapet of London Bridge, from the recess nearest the Surrey side of the river. It fell on the narrow ledge of the semi-circular abutment beneath, and thence into the water, where it burst, making a tremendous noise, giving out a huge flash of fire, and frightening many people, but doing no more damage to the bridge than a slight disturbance of the outer cement on the masonry of the abutment. The water, of course, was thrown up to a considerable height, some of it reaching the level of the bridge, though it was low tide in the river. No person was hurt, but hundreds of windows were shattered by the atmospheric shock on both shores of the Thames; especially those of Hibernia Chambers, a block of buildings occupied as commercial offices, on the Surrey side, to the west of the bridge; Adelaide-buildings, on the opposite Middlesex side, to the east of the bridge, and the Custom House just below; and, in a less degree, at Billingsgate and thereabouts; a glass screen on the platform of Cannon-street railway station was also broken. Only a slight crack is perceptible in one of the granite blocks of the massive abutment. The traces at the scene of the explosion, which is shown in our Illustrations, have been carefully examined by the chief officers of the Metropolitan and City Police, and by Colonel Majendie and Major Candall, Inspectors of Explosives at the Home Office. A proposal was to be made in the Court of Common Council to offer a reward of £5000 for the detection and arrest of the malefactors.

## THE HOLBERG FESTIVAL, COPENHAGEN.

The capital of Denmark has been celebrating the two-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Ludvig Holberg, the great national poet, dramatist, historian, and philosopher, the founder of modern Danish literature. He was born at Bergen, in Norway, on Dec. 3, 1684, but passed the best part of his life at Copenhagen, as Professor of History and of Metaphysics; we may observe also that he visited England, and spent two years at Oxford; he died in 1754, leaving his property to endow Sorø College. Besides his graver works of learning, Holberg's popular comedies are still in great favour, and are frequently performed on the stage. His satirical romance, "Nils Klim's Subterranean Journey," originally written in Latin, has been translated into different European languages. The commemorative festival occupied three days, and the King and Royal Family of Denmark were present. We shall publish, next week, Illustrations of the Jubilee performance at the Theatre Royal, the torchlight procession of students, and Sorø College, which is about an hour's railway journey from Copenhagen, with some account of the proceedings. A Jubilee Edition of Holberg's Plays, with Illustrations drawn by the eminent Danish artist, Hans Tegner, has been published by Mr. E. Bojesen, of Copenhagen. We are permitted to reproduce two of the engravings; one being that of a scene in "The Tinker Politician" which was performed by the scholars at Sorø on the second day of the recent festival; the other scene being from the comedy of "The Braggard Soldier." These characters are full of humour.

The Judges rise for the Christmas vacation to-day (Saturday), after which there will be no further sittings in Court until Jan. 12, when the Hilary sittings commence.

The last American billiard tournament at the Aquarium ended in the victory of J. North, who, playing well, and favoured with more than his fair share of luck throughout, won six games out of seven. Joseph Bennett and W. Mitchell scored five each; and, on playing off the tie on Monday afternoon, a splendidly contested heat resulted in favour of the latter, after his opponent had reached 464 against 296. The same two have been playing another long match of 10,000 up, spot stroke barred, throughout the week, and it will be finished this (Saturday) evening.

The Six-Days Safety Bicycle-Race at the Royal Aquarium has not proved by any means such a success as did the foot-race, which was brought off there last month on similar lines. In spite of the track having been widened and banked up at the turns, numerous upsets have taken place, and though the wire netting has effectually prevented any serious results, yet it is not pleasant to see two or three men and machines mixed up in hopeless confusion on the boards. In the absence of Howell, owing to a recent accident, class was not particularly well represented, and the veterans, Keen and Stanton, virtually retired before the end of the first day. At the time of writing, Birt and Vale are close together, whilst less than ten miles separates the five leaders, so there may be an exciting finish this (Saturday) evening.

## EAST AFRICAN EXPLORATION.

The Royal Geographical Society resolved to explore the region lying directly between the Indian Ocean and Lake Victoria Nyanza. For this task the society chose Mr. Joseph Thomson, who had, at the early age of twenty, gone out as geologist and naturalist, six years ago, with Mr. Keith Johnston's expedition to Lake Nyassa and Lake Tanganyika, and had, by the death of his leader, found himself obliged to take command of that expedition; he performed its work successfully, came home, and published in 1881 his two volumes of narrative, "To the Central African Lakes and Back." Mr. Thomson next explored the river Rovuma for the Sultan of Zanzibar. At the end of 1882, he was again sent forth by the Geographical Society to conduct the Victoria Nyanza and Mount Kenia expedition, of which he has furnished us with some Illustrations. The greatest difficulty to be encountered in that region was that of getting through the Masai tribes, a formidable people of extremely hostile disposition. He describes them as the most finely formed savages he has ever seen, far superior to any negroes; each tribe is divided into warriors and non-warriors, the former being the young unmarried men, the latter the married. The unmarried of each sex live together in Kraals, separate from those of the married people; their huts are simply constructed of bent boughs, covered with a plastering of cowdung, and are suitable to the nomadic habits of the race. The women dress decently, in prepared bullock-hide, and wear for ornament twenty or thirty pounds weight of telegraph wire, coiled about the legs, arms, and neck; the men wear only a small kid-skin around the shoulders. In the Masai country, from their treacherous and murderous attempts, it was needful, where a prolonged stay of the expedition took place, to fortify the camp with a palisade of tree-trunks, as is shown in one of the Sketches. Mr. Thomson was obliged, on one occasion, to get away in the middle of the night, and to travel to the coast, three or four hundred miles, in six stages, one day marching nearly seventy miles within the twenty-four hours without a bit of food or a drop of water; but his second attempt to traverse the country was more successful; and not a life, among the natives or his own followers, was lost by violence, owing to the leader's discretion and caution. The noble mountain of Kilimanjaro, rising to an altitude of 19,000 ft., standing isolated in a great plain, has been described by preceding travellers. Its snow-clad dome, resembling a helmet of burnished and glittering silver, springs upward of 15,000 ft. from the top of a platform 4000 ft. above the plain, and is one of the grandest sights on earth. Mount Kenia, situated immediately south of the Equator, rises to a height of 19,000 ft. in a single cone.

Mr. Thomson's geographical discoveries are important; he found a remarkable meridional trough, running through a high platform region, the elevation of which is from 8000 ft. to 9000 ft., and containing a chain of detached lakes, two of which are Naivasha and Baringo; parallel with this depression of the land, rises a fine range of picturesque mountains, 12,000 ft. to 14,000 ft. high, which he has named the Aberdare mountains, after the President of the Royal Geographical Society. From Mount Kenia he went to the shores of Lake Baringo, a scene of marvellous beauty, and thence westward, over fine ranges, great plateau escarpments, and rich grassy plains, to Lake Victoria Nyanza. His forthcoming book, "Through Masai-Land," will be read with as much interest as any recent narrative of African travels.

## A DOMESTIC TRAGEDY.

The power of "making believe," in the mind of a little girl, allied with that instinct of maternal tenderness which begins in the infant breast from the moment when a child perceives or imagines some creature more helpless than herself, finds its most curious exercise in the care of a doll. That a favourite plaything should be damaged or spoilt, is a rational cause of grievance; but we have known a small damsel cry with real compassion when her brother chose to hang dolly with a simple cord which left not a scratch or trace of violence on the waxen neck. It was of no avail to show that the doll was none the worse for this harsh treatment; the idea of suffering was intensely aroused, and a long process of revival had to be enacted before she could persuade herself that her darling was not killed. Then what must be the sorrow of this young lady, who has carefully put her little one in the cradle and laid it asleep, and who returns to the nursery, an hour afterwards, to find it actually torn to tatters by the wicked parrot and the treacherous dog? It is, indeed, a cruel domestic tragedy, with which Mamma can fully sympathise, and the grief of which is scarcely to be consoled by Papa's promise that he will buy his daughter a new doll, much handsomer than the one destroyed by this untimely fate.

At a meeting of the Court of Common Council to wind up the business of the year, it was resolved to replace the present statue of Queen Anne, in front of St. Paul's Cathedral, by a replica in Sicilian marble, at a cost of £1800.

The fourth annual *Truth* exhibition of home-made and other toys for distribution among the London hospitals and workhouses is open to-day (Saturday), at Limmer's Hotel, Conduit-street, Regent-street.

Messrs. Smith, Son, and Co., of Queen-street, Cheapside, have issued their well-known and highly prized diaries and calendars for 1885. Their diaries, many of them interleaved with blotting-paper, are of different forms and sizes, suited for various requirements.

The "Bow Bells" annual this year, entitled "Dead Men Tell no Tales, But Live Men Do," consists of nine tales (well illustrated) by the prince of story-tellers, George Augustus Sala. What further recommendation is needed to induce the laying out a shilling for its purchase?

Messrs. Kelly's "Post Office London Directory" for 1885 has been issued, and, as usual, the information contained in this indispensable book is brought up to the latest possible date. For instance, all the alterations rendered necessary in the various portions of the directory by Mr. Fawcett's death on Nov. 7 have been attended to, and Mr. Dodson and Sir Walter C. James, who were created Peers on Nov. 4, appear in the various divisions of the work under their new titles.

At a meeting in Edinburgh on Tuesday, attended by prominent volunteer officers and delegates from the principal Scottish rifle associations, it was agreed to form a Scottish Rifle Association, and to ask the Queen to be patron, and the Prince of Wales to be vice-patron. It was stated by Colonel Wilson of Bannockburn, who presided, that it was intended to have a yearly rifle meeting and camp of instruction similar to Aldershot.

In London last week 2641 births and 1638 deaths were registered. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 112, and the deaths 259, below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 45 from smallpox, 23 from measles, 22 from scarlet fever, 27 from diphtheria, 31 from whooping cough, 6 from dysentery, and not one from either typhus or from cholera. The deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs were 457.



## MUSIC.

The comparative lull in musical performances usually occurring towards the close of the year has already commenced. After this (Saturday) afternoon, the Crystal Palace concerts will be suspended in favour of the Christmas entertainments. Last week's concert included the first performance there of Mr. F. H. Cowen's "Welsh" Symphony, an elaborate and characteristic work, of which we have more than once spoken. It and two smaller pieces, "Mélodie" and "à l'Espagnole," by the same composer, were warmly applauded. Mr. F. Rummel gave a masterly rendering of Schumann's pianoforte concerto in A minor, and was also heard in unaccompanied solos. Miss M. Davies was the vocalist. Mr. Cowen conducted the whole concert, in the absence of Mr. Manns at Glasgow. This week's programme of the Sydenham establishment is appropriated to a performance of Gounod's oratorio, "The Redemption."

The last of Mr. John Boosey's London Ballad Concerts of the year (briefly referred to last week) presented many and varied attractions, effective vocal performances having been contributed by Mesdames Trebelli and Sterling, Misses M. Davies, E. Rees, L. Wade, and C. Devrient; Mr. Maas, Signor Foli, and Mr. Maybrick, who were heard in favourite and well-known pieces. In addition to these, successful novelties were included in the programme—these being, L. Diehl's "The Old Flag," sung by Signor Foli; Mr. Molloy's "Saturday Night," by Miss Davies; and Mr. S. Adams's "The Abbot," by Mr. Maybrick. Some part-songs, well rendered by Mr. Venables' choir, and violin solos, charmingly played by Madame Norman-Néruda, made up an enjoyable selection. A new season of these successful concerts will begin at St. James's Hall on Saturday afternoon, Jan. 3.

The Royal Albert Hall Choral Society's performance of "Elijah," last week, was an especially fine one; the principal solo vocalists having been Mesdames Albani and Patey, Mr. E. Lloyd and Mr. Santley, with the co-operation of Miss H. Coward and Madame Norman, and Messrs. Thompson and Cross. The choral singing was remarkably fine. Mr. Barnby conducted, and Dr. Stainer presided at the organ, as usual.

The second of Madame Sophie Löwe's "Musical Evenings" was given (at Prince's Hall) yesterday (Friday) week, when the programme was entirely appropriated to a selection from the works of Brahms. Some of his lieder were effectively sung by the concert-giver and by Miss Lena Little, who, with Mr. Shakespeare and Mr. Mills, sang the vocal parts of the charming "Liebeslieder-Walzer," the pianoforte duet portions of which were well rendered by Misses Zimmermann and Carmichael. The lady first named played two solo pieces, and, with Herr Gompertz, the fine sonata in G (op. 78) for piano and violin. The evening—like that previously devoted to Schubert and Schumann—was a very interesting one.

The Monday Popular Concerts will be suspended after that of this week; the last of the Saturday afternoon performances also taking place this week. At the last evening concert of the year the programme included the first performance here of Mozart's duet, in B flat, for violin and viola. A similar work, by the same composer, was given at one of the recent concerts, both having been finely played by Madame Norman-Néruda and Herr Straus. They belong to the same period—1783—and are each distinguished by that flow of pure melody which is characteristic of their composer. Mdlle. Kleeberg was the pianist, and Mrs. Hutchinson the vocalist, by whom Purcell's song, "Nymphs and Shepherds," and Miss M. V. White's setting of some verses from Tennyson's "In Memoriam," were expressively sung.

The Guildhall School of Music, directed by Mr. Weist Hill, gave a concert last Saturday afternoon, when, as on former occasions, the students displayed much proficiency in various branches of the art.

The competition for the Potter Exhibition at the Royal Academy of Music took place on Monday. There were eighteen candidates, and the scholarship was awarded to Miss Dora Bright.

Mr. Henry Holmes, the esteemed violinist, terminated his series of four "Musical Evenings" at Prince's Hall on Wednesday.

The Royal Academy of Music gave a students' orchestral concert at St. James's Hall, yesterday (Friday) afternoon; and, for the evening, the Chevalier L. E. Bach announced a concert at Prince's Hall, the programme of this consisting of three of Beethoven's pianoforte concertos—those in C major, C minor, and E flat—with full orchestra, conducted by Mr. Randegger.

"The Messiah" was announced for performance yesterday (Friday) evening, by the Sacred Harmonic Society, at St. James's Hall, where the same oratorio will be given next Tuesday evening, under the direction of Mr. W. G. Cusins; the work being announced for performance by the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society on Jan. 1.

M. Henri Amsel (a tenor vocalist from the principal theatres of France and Italy) gave an evening concert on Monday, under the direction of Mr. W. Ganz, at 9, Hyde Park-terrace.

The sixth and last concert of the New Club Austrian Band was given at Steinway Hall on Tuesday afternoon, under the direction of Capellmeister A. Dami, with an excellent programme.

Madame Viard-Louis, the eminent pianist, announced the second concert of the second series of her Beethoven performances for yesterday (Friday) afternoon at Prince's Hall.

Mdlle. D'Esterre Keeling (a pianiste with good recommendations from Stuttgart) gave a morning concert at Steinway Hall on Wednesday.

Mr. W. G. Cusins will give a grand Christmas performance of Handel's oratorio, "The Messiah," next Tuesday evening, at St. James's Hall. The programme includes the names of Madame Patey, Miss Griswold, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Santley. There will be a grand orchestra and chorus of 350 performers.

Mr. Ambrose Austin's "National Holiday Festival Concert," at the Royal Albert Hall on Boxing Day, promises to prove highly attractive, the programme including old songs, ballads, and other features, and the names of several eminent performers.

Messrs. Marr and Co., having supplied the Queen and the Duchess of Edinburgh with two pianofortes by Messrs. J. Brinsmead and Sons, of London, have received the appointment of pianoforte makers to her Majesty at Aberdeen.

Mr. Alfred Marshall, M.A., Fellow and Lecturer in Political Economy, Balliol College, Oxford, has been elected to the Professorship of Political Economy held by the late Mr. Fawcett at Cambridge.

Mr. Henry Tate, sugar refiner, of Liverpool, and Streatham, Surrey, has announced his intention to erect in Liverpool and furnish at his own expense a building to be used as a homeopathic hospital for the free use of the public. It is understood that Mr. Tate's gift represents a money value of over £10,000.

Her Majesty has granted, on the recommendation of the Prime Minister, £100 a year from the Civil List to the Rev. William Houghton, M.A., F.L.S., Rector of Preston, Shropshire, in consideration of his distinguished services as a naturalist, and his contributions to scientific literature.

## WAITING FOR A PARTNER.

Waiting forsooth! 'Twas well the Artist found her  
Alone a moment for his magic power,  
With not a swarm of love-sick boys around her,  
Like bees low-buzzing round some favourite flower.

Waiting! One minute more she sits resplendent,  
A maiden Queen amid her gallants gay,  
A band of worshippers on her attendant,  
Who bask delighted in young beauty's ray.

They tend on her with calf-love's rapt devotion,  
Circling around; as courtier-bees are seen,  
In now-advancing, now-receding motion,  
Reflecting each vagary of their Queen.

O'er head and ears in love, each knight is ready  
To serve her slightest whim, despite rebuffs;  
Indeed young Bounce and that fire-eating Freddy  
Have had for her tough bouts of fisticuffs.

Yea, battles-royal are foughten wellnigh daily  
For love of her sweet-looking, dove-like eyes;  
And she the while smiles blandly, talking guily,  
And, hearing of these combats, feigns surprise.

For though so young, she's skilful in coquetting,  
An arrant flirt, although so seeming meek;  
And lads their hearts to fiddle-strings are fretting,  
Who should be deep in Latin or in Greek.

Proud is the youth who's privileged to tarry  
Within the sunshine of her radiant glance,  
Far prouder he who may her bouquet carry,  
Proudest of all her partner in the dance.

But, hark! the music sounds, and in a minute  
She joins quick-forming couples in the dance,  
The gayest there, for her whole soul is in it,  
New conquests making with each sidelong glance.

Round dance and square, she loves them all—now setting  
To partner in quadrille with quiet grace,  
Now with enraptured lover pirouetting,  
Fast flying round the room at quickening pace.

One moment by you she is madly dashing,  
The next one lost amid the dervish throng,  
Anon like some bright fire-fly yonder flashing,  
Again close-whisking by your side ere long.

So that one well may entertain the notion,  
While the gay revelry is at its height,  
That here at last is found perpetual motion,  
So long-continued is the airy flight.—JOHN LATEY.

## THE COURT.

Last Saturday Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) arrived at Windsor Castle at about two o'clock, from London. Prince Augustus of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha visited the Queen, and remained to luncheon. The Duchess of Albany arrived at the castle shortly after five o'clock. The Prince and Princess of Wales, with Prince Albert Victor and Prince George of Wales, at seven o'clock. The Very Rev. the Dean of Windsor and General the Right Hon. Sir Henry Ponsonby, K.C.B., had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. On Sunday morning the Marquis of Lorne arrived at the castle. Divine service was performed in the private chapel at twelve o'clock by the Rev. Canon Gee, D.D., Vicar of Windsor and honorary chaplain to the Queen, who preached the sermon. Sunday being the anniversary of the death of the lamented Prince Consort, as well as of Princess Alice (Grand Duchess of Hesse), the Queen, with the Prince and Princess of Wales and the other members of the Royal family, went to the Royal mausoleum at Frogmore, where a special service was performed by the Dean of Windsor. On Monday the Prince and Princess of Wales and family, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne, left Windsor for London, having concluded their visit to the Queen. Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein visited her Majesty on Monday, and remained to luncheon. The Queen and Princess Beatrice drove out in the afternoon, attended by Lady Waterpark. Major-General Sir J. C. McNeill, K.C.B., V.C., who arrived in the evening, had the honour of dining with her Majesty, and left the castle on Tuesday morning, after taking leave of her Majesty previous to his departure for India on a visit to his Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught and Strathearn at Meerut. The Queen and Princess Beatrice left Windsor Castle on Wednesday morning for Osborne. Her Majesty and the Princess drove to Windsor station of the Great Western Railway, which they quitted at 10.20 by special train to Gosport, which was reached shortly after noon, and whence they crossed to the Isle of Wight.

The Queen has appointed the Countess of Dufferin to the Imperial Order of the Crown of India.

The Prince and Princess of Wales left London on Tuesday, travelling to Oxford. Thence a special train to Worcester was taken. There they were met by Viscount Ednam, eldest son of the Earl of Dudley, who accompanied the Royal guests by road to Witley Court, a distance of about nine miles. The Prince and Princess remain at Witley Court until this (Saturday) morning, when they leave for Sandringham, travelling by road to Worcester, and thence by Midland Railway. At Worcester there will be a stoppage of two or three hours, to enable the Prince and Princess to receive addresses, and to inspect the Royal Porcelain Works and the cathedral, if time permits. Prince Albert Victor of Wales distributed the prizes to the local Volunteers at the Cambridge Guildhall yesterday week, and in doing so made some observations upon the benefits derived from the system, both by the individual and the nation. Prince Albert Victor returned to Trinity College, Cambridge, on Tuesday.

Princess Louise and the Duchess of Edinburgh paid a visit on Monday afternoon to Mr. E. F. White's Winter Exhibition at the King-street Galleries, 10, King-street, St. James's, and displayed much interest in the new pictures by Orchardson and Millais, and the Turner drawings. Their Royal Highnesses also honoured Mr. J. P. Mendoza's St. James's Gallery in King-street with a visit, to view his Exhibition of Black and White; and inspected the joint work by Sir Edwin Landseer and Mr. J. E. Millais, R.A., entitled "Found," at the Burlington Gallery. The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh visited the winter exhibition of pictures, and Thomas Blinks' "Run of the Season" at the galleries of Messrs. Arthur Tooth and Sons in the Haymarket.

Princess Christian, who was accompanied by Prince Christian, on Tuesday opened the new buildings which have been erected in connection with Middlesex Hospital, at a cost of upwards of £20,000. There was a large company present, including the Lord Mayor, the Lady Mayoress, and Mr. Sheriff Faudel Phillips.

## PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, Dec. 16.

The French Parliament is so productive of strange phenomena that one has almost ceased to note them. At the present moment the deputies are voting the Budget with a rapidity which renders all serious examination of the items impossible, and, in spite of two sittings a day, it is hardly expected that the finances of the coming year can be regularised before the vacation. Radicals and Reactionaries alike are lamenting the depreciation of France; and the latter are preparing to make a vigorous campaign at the next elections against the Republic, which the Republicans themselves declare to be threatened. The Bonapartists in particular are bestirring themselves, and the Jéromists held a grand and noisy banquet on the symbolic date of Dec. 10, in memory of the vote of the Conservative coalition which, in 1848, condemned the Republic of Ledru-Rollin, with its national workshops and its riots.

What the strength of the young Bonapartist group may be remains to be seen. The old veterans of the party are all gone, with the exception of the Duc de Bassano and Emile Olivier. Another veteran, General Fleury, died last week, at the age of sixty-nine. Fleury was the personal friend of Louis Napoleon, the companion of his pleasures and the sharer of his prosperity. During the Empire he achieved all the honours he could desire, and the Revolution of Sept. 4 found him Senator and Ambassador at St. Petersburg. Like the Duc de Morny, General Fleury was an elegant and accomplished man of the world, and thoroughly ornamental in all the manifestations of his personality. It is understood that he has left several volumes of memoirs, which will form a history of the Presidency and of the Empire by the man who was most continually and intimately connected with it.

This year French art has lost several of its most promising members—Ulysse Butin, Louis Leloir, Jundt, De Nittis, and now Bastien-Lepage. Jules Bastien-Lepage, who died last Wednesday, at the age of thirty-six, achieved early a very great reputation, thanks to remarkable qualities of execution and observation displayed in pictures like "The Hay-Field" (Salon of 1876), "The Potato-Gatherer," "The Woodman," and to his very curious and clever portraits, amongst which were those of Sarah Bernhardt and the Prince of Wales. Posterity will doubtless not leave Bastien-Lepage on the very high pedestal where the admiration of his friends has placed him; but he will always remain a painter of singular technical ability, reminding one often of the exquisite delicacy of execution of the primitives. He was sincere, honest, and an enthusiast in his art, but he was not a Millet or a Corot.

Scribe is coming into honour once more on the Parisian stage. Does this mean that the young literary men of the day cannot write plays? Or does it mean that the luxury of modern scenery, dresses, and accessories is killing dramatic art by preventing managers risking a new play unless they are sure of running it two or three hundred nights? In point of fact, Paris nowadays seems to have but three dramatists, Alexandre Dumas, whose "Denise" is being rehearsed at the Comédie Française; Sardou, whose "Theodora" is to be brought out at the Porte Saint-Martin next week; and Georges Ohnet, who monopolises the Gymnase. In the meantime, when these gentlemen have nothing to offer, Scribe is to be called upon to fill up the gap. His "Camaraderie" is being rehearsed at the Gymnase; and on Saturday his "Bataille des Dames" was revived at the Comédie Française for the début of Céline Montaland, a pretty and well-preserved quadragenarian, who aspires to the place once held at the Comédie by Madame Allan. Last winter, it will be remembered, Scribe's "Bertrand et Raton" was successfully revived at the Comédie Française.

"Le Sport dans l'Art," is the title of an interesting exhibition of pictures and sculpture now open in the Rue de Sèze. It is a collection of pictures of all epochs in which the incidents, costume, or accessories of any kind of sport are shown. The idea of the exhibition is better than its execution. Perhaps the only country where such an exhibition could be perfectly organised is England. M. Léo Délibes, the composer of "Sylvia," "La Source," "Coppelia," "Jean de Nivelle," and "Lakmé," has been elected Member of the Académie des Beaux Arts, in place of the late Victor Massé. Madame Askié de Valsayre, violinist, doctoresse, *officier de santé*, mother of eighteen children, novelist, universal but unrecognised genius, absolutely insists upon being vaccinated by M. Pasteur with the virus of a mad dog. This excessively nervous and slightly ridiculous lady desires to go down to posterity as a martyr to science. M. Pasteur hesitates to gratify her.

T. C.

The Portuguese Cortes were opened on Monday. The Speech from the Throne announces that the relations of Portugal with foreign Powers are friendly, and proceeds to state that, at the instance of the Emperor of Germany, acting in accord with the French Republic, Portugal agreed to be represented at the Conference in Berlin on West African affairs.

The Second Netherlands Chamber has refused the grant of 150,000fl. asked for by the Government for the Antwerp Exhibition.

The Emperor William's Reception last Saturday, held in honour of the King and Queen of Saxony, was crowded, the Royal Princes, Prince Bismarck, Count Hatzfeldt, and all foreign military Attachés being present. The Crown Prince and Crown Princess are this winter giving a larger number of parties than in previous years.—In the German Reichstag on Monday Prince Bismarck spoke at some length strongly in favour of a measure to create a second directorship in the Ministry for Foreign Affairs, but the proposal was rejected by 141 against 119 votes.—The trial of the men charged with attempting to blow up the Emperor William and his suite with dynamite at the unveiling of the Niederwald Monument on Sept. 28, 1883, began on Monday before the Supreme Court of Leipzig, constituted as a Court of High Treason. On Tuesday some extraordinary evidence was given. One of the accused declared that he had consented to aid the attempt in order to frustrate it.

We learn from Korti, on the Nile, that Lord Wolsley has arrived there. It is stated that the nuggars take five days in reaching the place from Debbeh, as, owing to contrary winds, they have to be towed.

The New Orleans Exhibition was opened on Tuesday. When all the arrangements were completed, word was sent to President Arthur at Washington, who was waiting in a room containing a telegraph instrument connected with the building. The President at once dispatched a message declaring the Exhibition opened; and on this being received at New Orleans, salutes were fired, steam-whistles were sounded, bands played, and the audience in the music-hall enthusiastically applauded. After prayer, some speeches, and the reading of a "Centennial Poem" by Mrs. Mary Townsend, the Governor closed the ceremony with a reception. The day was observed in the city as a general holiday.

Lord Dufferin arrived at Calcutta last Saturday, and assumed office as Viceroy of India. He was received with enthusiasm.





A DOMESTIC TRAGEDY.





WAITING FOR A PARTNER.



## CITY ECHOES.

Wednesday, Dec. 17.

The last return of the Bank of England was a very favourable one, the reserve being £12,118,000, or a gain during the week of nearly a million. The greater part of this improvement, however, was at the expense of the outside market, and was therefore less satisfactory than if it had been due to arrivals of gold from abroad. As usual at this period of the year, money has been in good demand, and at times as much as 5½ per cent per annum has been given for advances, while applications have been made to the Central Institution, where 5 per cent per annum is charged for ten-day loans. Though there has not been any great increase in the number of bills offering for discount, terms have naturally hardened in sympathy with those for loans. Stock Exchange securities have to some extent been adversely affected by the higher value of money, but the decline in prices has been principally due to other considerations. The funds have been steady, but India rupee loans have been flat; and in Foreign Government bonds the changes are downwards, Mexican receding sharply on the news that the arrangement with the bondholders is not to be discussed during the present Session. Poor traffics and the wet weather are sufficient to account for the fall in Home railways, and American issues have suffered general depreciation through the uneasiness felt at the two failures last week; Canadian, however, have scarcely altered. Mexican stocks, besides being affected by the large decrease in the last traffic return, have been influenced by the postponement by the Government of the Debt question. Anglo-American Telegraph issues have benefited from the delay in the opening of the Mackay-Bennett cable; and Australian land companies have been in favour.

In connection with the question of sinking funds, to which reference was made last week, it is interesting to notice that, according to the *British Australasian*, it is proposed by high authority to suspend the sinking funds of the New Zealand loans in order to lessen the burden of the debt upon revenue. It may be difficult to justify interference with existing contracts, though the bondholders will, in the case of New Zealand, gain and not lose by such suspension; but the difficulty which suggests such a solution is evidence of the most practical kind in favour of the issue henceforth of only permanent stock. Railway companies and municipalities in this country have grown up to this, and colonial and foreign borrowers must sooner or later do so.

For the past half-year the Madras Railway Company made a net revenue of £144,860, as compared with £114,600 in the corresponding half of 1883, and £115,060 in that part of 1882. The progress is, therefore, substantial; but the company is yet a long way from earning the guaranteed interest on the capital, the amount of which is about £260,000. No account is kept in the case of this company of what is advanced by the Government under the guarantee; but, in perpetuity, any earnings over the guaranteed dividends are to be equally divided with the Government. General Mullins succeeds the late Mr. Acworth as director.

During the half-year to June last the earnings of the Great Indian Peninsula Railway Company were £1,881,432, compared with £2,053,683 last year; while the expenditure, inclusive of payments on account of leased lines, amounted to £839,593, against £859,941, the result being a balance of £1,041,839, as against £1,193,742. A dividend of 19s. 10d. per cent is recommended, in addition to the guaranteed interest. Last year the excess distribution was £1 7s. 4d. per cent.

A statement of affairs issued by the South Indian Railway Company gives the gross earnings during the six months ended June last at £208,287, an increase of £24,770, compared with the corresponding period last year, while the addition in working expenses was £3106 only, the result being that the net revenue was £86,762, compared with £65,098 the first half of last year. Satisfactory progress is thus shown, though the net profits are still below the guarantee, being equal to 4 per cent per annum on the total capital expenditure.

From the return relating to Tramways just published by the Board of Trade, it appears that the capital so far paid up is £11,000,000, and the net earnings in the past year were 5·16 per cent on the whole amount. This compares favourably with the result of working Railways, the capital stock of which is £784,921,312, and the most recent average return being 4·29 per cent. The number of persons using tramways increases rapidly, and last year amounted to 330,794,000. The number of horses engaged is 21,784, but locomotives are evidently getting to be more general. In the past year their number increased from 117 to 207.

## SKETCHES OF ALASKA.

A few additional Sketches of the seal-hunting station at St. Paul's, on the Pryvloff Islands, the turf-huts of the natives at Ungar, and the head-quarters of the Alaska Fur Company at Ounalaska, the capital of the Territory, are presented in this Number of our Journal. Mr. Francis Francis, to whom we are indebted for these and for those published last week, made good use of his pencil during his cruise on the shores of that remote north-western extremity of America, which is seldom visited by European tourists. The general account of it already given will probably be sufficient for our readers. Alaska does not invite agricultural colonisation. The fur trade has been an important concern for a century past. The seals yearly arrive on the isles of St. Paul and St. George, in the Behring Sea, about the middle of June, and stay till the end of October. The females give birth to their young at mid-summer; the "pups" appear first covered with fine black hair, and the down grows when they are three months old, till the soft hair of the infant animal is replaced by a stronger fur, tipped with white or brown. The native hunters endeavour to separate a convenient number, four or five hundred, from the main assembly, and slowly drive them away from the sea, into some ground inland, where they are kept till the hunters mean to kill them. This is done by the blow of a club on the back of the head; the animal is then skinned, and the skins are laid in piles with layers of salt between them. When thoroughly salted, they are packed in bundles and sent to San Francisco. The subsequent operation of "dressing" is done by a machine which cuts the stiff hairs down to the root, leaving the down to be dyed black or brown, as in the sealskin fur of trade.

Mr. James Willing has been nominated as one of the candidates for the office of Grand Treasurer of the Freemasons.

The Lord Mayor on Wednesday opened the hospital at Greenwich, founded as a memorial of the late Rev. Dr. Miller, to which Mr. W. J. Evelyn, Mr. W. F. Rock, and Mrs. Payne each subscribed £1000.

We are authorised to state that Mr. F. C. Ford, C.B., her Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at Athens, will be appointed to succeed Sir R. Morier at Madrid; and that the Hon. H. C. Vivian, C.B., her Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at Copenhagen, will succeed Sir B. Malet as her Majesty's Representative at Brussels.

## OBITUARY.

## THE DUCHESS OF SOMERSET.

Jane Georgiana, Duchess of Somerset, died on the 14th inst. Her Grace was the youngest of the three beautiful and gifted daughters of Mr. Thomas Sheridan, the son of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the orator and dramatist, by Elizabeth Anne Lindley, his first wife. The Duchess's sisters were Helen Selina, Lady Dufferin, afterwards Countess of Gifford; and Caroline Elizabeth Sarah, wife, first, of the Hon. G. C. Norton, and secondly of Sir William Stirling Maxwell, Bart., K.T. She married, June 10, 1830, Edward Adolphus, Lord Seymour, who succeeded his father as thirteenth Duke of Somerset, Aug. 18, 1855, and was created a Knight of the Garter. The issue of the marriage consisted of two sons and three daughters. The eldest son, Edward Adolphus Ferdinand, Earl St. Maur, was summoned to the House of Lords in his father's barony of Seymour, and died, unmarried, 1869. The second son, Lord Edward Percy Seymour, was accidentally killed in 1865. The daughters of her Grace are Lady Jane Hermione Graham of Netherby, Lady Ulrica Frederica Thynne, and Lady Helen Guendolen Ramsden. Her Grace, when Lady Seymour, presided as the Queen of Beauty at the Eglinton Tournament.

## SIR ROBERT J. M. NAPIER, BART.

Sir Robert John Milliken Napier, of Milliken and Napier, Bart., Hon. Colonel Renfrew Militia, formerly Captain 79th Foot, died at Edinburgh on the 4th inst. He was born Nov. 7, 1818, eldest son of Sir William Napier, Bart., who was second heir male general of Archibald, third Lord Napier, March 17, 1817. Consequently, the



Baronet whose death we record was chief of the ancient family of Napier, and lineal descendant of John Napier of Merchistoun, the inventor of logarithms. He married, April 4, 1850, Anne Salisbury Meliora, daughter of Mr. John L. Adlercron, of Moyglare, county Meath, and leaves, with other issue, a son and heir, now Sir Archibald Lennox Napier, Bart., born 1855, and married, 1880, to Mary Alison Dorothy, daughter of Sir Thomas Fairbairn, Bart.

## SIR H. T. SETON-STEUART, BART.

Sir Henry James Seton-Steuart, Bart., of Allanton, county Lanark, J.P. and D.L., Hereditary Armour-Bearer and Squire of the Royal Body in Scotland, died on the 6th inst. He was born in 1812, the eldest son of Reginald Macdonald of Staffa, by Elizabeth Margaret, his wife, daughter and heiress of Sir Henry Steuart, LL.D., who was created a



Baronet in 1815, with remainder to his son-in-law, Macdonald of Staffa. That gentleman succeeded his father-in-law as second Baronet, and left issue. The eldest son, whose death we record, married, in 1852, Elizabeth, elder daughter of Mr. Robert Montgomery, younger brother of Sir James Montgomery, Bart., of Stanhope, but had no issue. The title consequently devolves on his nephew, Sir Alan Henry Seton-Steuart, now fourth Baronet.

## THE RIGHT HON. J. W. HENLEY.

The Right Hon. Joseph Warner Henley, of Waterperry, in the county of Oxford, D.C.L., M.A., J.P. and D.L., died on the 9th inst., at his seat near Wheatley. He was born March 3, 1793, the only son of Mr. Joseph Henley, of Waterperry, and was educated at Magdalen College, Oxford, where he graduated in 1815. In 1841 he entered Parliament as Conservative M.P. for Oxfordshire; in March, 1852, he became President of the Board of Trade, and was sworn of the Privy Council, resigning with his party in the following December. He resumed office in March, 1858, but held it only till February, 1859. He continued, however, in Parliament until January, 1878, when failing health caused him to retire. He married, Dec. 9, 1817, Georgiana, daughter of Mr. John Fane, of Wormsley, and had three sons and six daughters. Mr. Henley, one of the last relics of the old English squire, exercised considerable influence in the House of Commons, and was esteemed and respected by all parties.

We have also to record the deaths of—

The Marquis of Cholmondeley, on the 16th inst., in his eighty-fifth year. His memoir is deferred for a week.

Mr. Joseph Crook, nine years M.P. for Bolton, on the 8th inst., in his seventy-sixth year.

Mr. William Newdigate, on the 4th inst., at Zitzikama, South Africa. He was third son of the late Francis Newdigate, of Kirk Hallam, Derbyshire, and Lady Barbara, his wife, daughter of George, third Earl of Dartmouth.

Mr. William Goulding, of Summerhill, Cork, J.P. and D.L., M.P. for that city 1876 to 1880, on the 8th inst., aged sixty-seven. He was son of the late Mr. Joshua Goulding, of Birr; and was married to Susan, daughter of Mr. Isaac Smallman, of Montevideo, county Tipperary.

Arabella Lady Northbrook, widow of Francis Thornhill Baring, first Lord Northbrook, and second daughter of Kenneth Alexander, Earl of Effingham, aged seventy-four. She was the first Lord Northbrook's second wife, and step-mother of the present Earl of Northbrook.

Mr. Felix William George Richard Bedingfeld, C.M.G., formerly Colonial Secretary for the Mauritius, on the 7th inst., aged seventy-six; youngest son of Sir Richard Bedingfeld, fifth Baronet, of Oxburgh; married, 1849, Mary, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Chads.

Mr. William Kenyon-Slaney, of Hatton Grange, Shropshire, J.P. and D.L., formerly Captain 2nd Bombay Cavalry, High Sheriff of Shropshire, 1871, at 2, Lower Berkeley-street, on the 10th inst., aged sixty-nine. He was fifth son of the Hon. Thomas Kenyon, third son of Lloyd, first Lord Kenyon, and assumed the surname and arms of Slaney in consequence of his marriage with Frances Catherine, third daughter and coheir of Mr. Robert Aglionby Slaney, of Hatton Grange.

Mr. Christopher O'Connell Fitz-Simon, of Glencullen, in the county of Dublin, and Ballinamona, in the county of Wicklow, J.P. and D.L., eldest son of Christopher Fitz-Simon, of Glencullen, many years M.P. for the county of Dublin, and Eileen, his wife, daughter of Daniel O'Connell, M.P., of Darrinane Abbey, in the county of Kerry, the great Irish leader. Mr. Fitz-Simon was born in 1830, and called to the Irish Bar in 1855; he was an M.A. of Trinity College, Dublin, and High Sheriff of Wicklow in 1861.

## CITY GUILDS: STATIONERS' COMPANY.

The existence of this Company is traced back to 1357; but its charter was conferred, by Queen Mary, in 1556, with a monopoly of printing and the administration of a religious censorship of books. Its privileges were partly taken away by Queen Elizabeth, but the Company was allowed the exclusive right of printing psalters, prayerbooks, primers, almanacs, and Church Catechisms. Bibles were printed by this Company; and an unlucky misprint, omitting the word "not" in the Seventh Commandment, brought the Company into the Star Chamber, which inflicted a heavy fine. In Queen Anne's reign, it was enacted that books newly published should be deposited and registered at Stationers' Hall. The printing monopoly, long openly violated, was finally destroyed by a judicial decision in favour of an independent almanac-maker. The register of new publications, still kept by the Company, is serviceable for protection of copyright.

The Company now musters four or five hundred liverymen, and about eleven hundred freemen. It is a trading Company, with a capital subscribed and held in shares, and yielding very high dividends from its trade profits. It possesses also some corporate property, the revenue from which is not very large, compared with that of other City Guilds; and it is charged with the administration of various charitable trusts. It maintains a school for middle-class boy day-scholars, in Bolt-court, Fleet-street. The governing body of the Company is formed of the Master (we give a Portrait of Mr. Charles Layton, who filled the office till the last July election), the two Wardens, and twenty-three Assistants. The original site of Stationers' Hall was in Milk-street, Cheapside; but the Company, after sojourning fifty years in St. Paul's churchyard, purchased Abergavenny House, near Ludgate, and erected a building, which was reconstructed or modernised early in the present century. This edifice has no architectural pretensions. Our Sketches include a view of the garden in Stationers'-hall-court, opposite the end of Paternoster-row; the court-room and stock-room, the Master's badge, the Beadle's staff, and an old-fashioned clock.

Mr. James Williamson, of Ryelands, Lancashire, has been appointed High Sheriff of the County Palatine.

A new Minute of the Education Department has been issued, throwing open the office of her Majesty's Inspector's Assistant to the whole body of teachers.

Yesterday week was the closing day of the Cattle Show held, under the auspices of the Smithfield Club, at the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington. The total number of visitors who passed the turnstiles during the week was 100,000.

The sentence of death passed upon Dudley and Stephens, captain and mate of the *Mignonette*, for the murder of the boy Richard Parker, has been commuted to one of six months' imprisonment without hard labour.

Baroness Burdett-Coutts presented, last Saturday evening, prizes to the successful pupils in the educational competitions of St. Stephen's Institute, Vincent-square, Westminster, which was founded and is mainly supported by the Baroness, the only other source of income being derivable from the fees paid by the students.

The students of the Royal Academy held a soiree at the Suffolk-street Galleries, Pall-mall, yesterday week night. About five hundred people were present, among them the President of the Academy, and several Academicians and Associates. A concert was given, and the band of the Royal Artillery was present.

It is proposed to open an American Exhibition in London on May 1, 1886. It is to be an exhibition of the arts, inventions, manufactures, products, and resources of the United States. The Government of the United States, the governors of states and territories, and many of the largest American manufacturers, merchants, and producers have expressed their approval, and in many cases have applied for space.

Sir Massey Lopes, M.P., presided at the annual meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society held on the 11th inst. at their rooms, Hanover-square. The report showed an increase of 672 members during the year, and alluded to the great loss sustained by the society in the death of Dr. Voelcker, who had been consulting chemist and director of the laboratory for more than a quarter of a century.

Last Saturday the Bishop of London consecrated the Church of Emmanuel, which has just been erected in Hornsey-road, Holloway; on Sunday the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol reopened the parish church of Clifton, which has been re-seated; and on Tuesday the Archbishop of Canterbury attended at the old parish church of Bromley, and consecrated a new chancel and other additions, which have cost over £4000.

In several London churches on Sunday the hundredth anniversary of the death of Samuel Johnson was commemorated by appropriate pulpit references, notably by the preachers in the Fleet-street and Strand places of worship. In the afternoon the Reader of the Temple (the Rev. Alfred Ainger) delivered a commemorative sermon in the Temple Church, where Johnson occasionally attended Divine service.

A terrible scene was witnessed early on Monday morning in Green-street, Bethnal-green. A tobacconist, named Turner, finding his shop on fire to such an extent that escape was cut off by the ground floor, rescued his wife and four children from the upper storey, and tried to save a fifth child, though unsuccessfully, being driven back by the smoke and flames, and severely burned.

Under the presidency of Lord Reay, an influential meeting was held on Monday in support of the scheme for the establishment of a teaching University in London, with faculties of arts, science, medicine, and law. There was submitted a report by a sub-committee suggesting a scheme for carrying out this object. After discussion, it was resolved to adjourn the further consideration of the matter.

The imports of live stock and fresh meat landed at Liverpool during the past week from the United States and Canada amounted to 194 cattle, 10,715 quarters of beef, 1102 carcasses of mutton, and 70 hogs, which, with the exception of cattle, was a larger supply than the arrivals of the preceding week. There were no arrivals of sheep, and the number of cattle landed was unusually small.

It has been decided to erect in Stockport a statue of the late Richard Cobden, who began his Parliamentary career as representative of the borough. Two months after his death a sum of nearly £1000 was subscribed for a statue, but for some reason or other the project has never been carried out, the money lying untouched at the bank. The subscribers have now decided, at a meeting presided over by the Mayor, to proceed with the work.

Mr. Elliot Stock has issued a facsimile reprint of Dr. Johnson's "Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia," with a preface and bibliographical list of the noteworthy editions and translations contributed by Dr. James Macaulay, forming a pretty addition to the important list of similar literary curiosities issued by the same publisher. The pocket volumes are bound in the grey paper, with white backs and labels, after the fashion of the original.



**VALUABLE DISCOVERY for the HAIR.**

If your hair is turning grey or white, or falling off, use **THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER**; for it will positively restore, in every case, grey or white hair to its original colour, without leaving the disagreeable smell of most "Restorers." It makes the hair charmingly beautiful, as well as promoting the growth of the hair on bald spots, where the glands are not decayed.

This preparation has never been known to fail in restoring the hair to its natural colour and gloss in from eight to twelve days. It promotes growth, and prevents the hair falling out, eradicating dandruff, and leaving the scalp in a clean, healthy condition.

It imparts peculiar vitality to the roots of the hair, restoring it to its youthful freshness and vigour. Daily applications of this preparation for a week or two will surely restore faded, grey, or white hair to its natural colour and richness.

It is not a dye, nor does it contain any colouring matter or offensive substance whatever. Hence it does not soil the hands, the scalp, or even white linen, but produces the colour within the substance of the hair.

It may be had of any respectable Chemist, Perfumer, or Dealer in Toilet Articles in the Kingdom, at 3s. 6d. per Bottle. In case the dealer has not "The Mexican Hair Renewer" in stock and will not procure it for you, it will be sent direct by rail, carriage paid, on receipt of 4s. in stamps, to any part of England.

Sold Wholesale by the **ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG COMPANY, Limited, 33, Farringdon-road, London.**

**THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER.****WHAT BEAUTIFIES THE HAIR?**

What gives luxuriance to each tress,  
And pleases each one's fancies?  
What adds a charm of perfect grace,  
And Nature's gift enhances?  
What gives a bright and beautiful gloss,  
And what says each reviewer?  
"That quite successful is the use  
OF 'THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER!'"

What gives luxuriance to each tress,  
And makes it bright and glowing?  
What keeps it free from dandruff, too,  
And healthy in its growing?  
What does such wonders? Ask the press,  
And what says each reviewer?  
"That none can equal or approach  
'THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER!'"

What gives luxuriance to each tress,  
Like some bright halo beaming?  
What makes the hair a perfect mass  
Of splendid ringlets teeming?  
What gives profusion in excess?  
Why, what says each reviewer?  
"The choicest preparation is  
'THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER!'"

What gives luxuriance to each tress,  
And makes it so delightful?  
Because to speak the honest truth  
Is only just and rightful.  
What say the people and the press,  
And what says each reviewer?  
"That most superb for ladies' use  
Is 'THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER!'"

**THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER**

has gained for itself the highest reputation, and a decided preference over all other "Hair dressings," as evinced from certificates and testimonials from the most respectable sources. Being compounded with the greatest care—combining, as it does, all the most desirable qualities of the best hair preparations of the day, without the objectionable ones—it may be relied on as the very best known to chemistry for restoring the natural colour to the hair, and causing new hair to grow on bald spots, unless the hair glands are decayed; for, if the glands are decayed and gone, no stimulus can restore them; but if, as is often the case, the glands are only torpid, **THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER** will renew their vitality, and a new growth of hair will follow. Read the following Testimonial:—

Messrs. Wm. Hayes and Co., Chemists, 12, Grafton-street, Dublin, write:—"We are recommending **THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER** to all our customers as the best of the kind, as we have been told by several of our friends who tried it that it has a wonderful effect in restoring and strengthening their Hair."

**THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER.****AN IMPORTANT QUESTION FOR LADIES.**

Would you have luxuriant hair,  
Beautiful, and rich, and rare;  
Would you have it soft and bright,  
And attractive to the sight?  
This you really can produce  
If you put in constant use  
**THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER.**

The hair it strengthens and preserves,  
And thus a double purpose serves;  
It beautifies—improves it, too,  
And gives it a most charming hue,  
And thus in each essential way,  
It public favour gains each day.  
**THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER.**

If a single thread of hair  
Of a greyish tint is there,  
This "Renewer" will restore  
All its colour as before,  
And thus it is that vast renown  
Does daily now its virtues crown—  
**THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER.**

No matter whether faded grey,  
Or falling like the leaves away,  
It will renew the human hair,  
And make it like itself appear.  
It will revive it, beautify,  
And every ardent wish supply—  
**THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER.**

**THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER.**

The constitution of the person and the condition of the scalp have much to do with the length of time it requires for new hair to grow; also thin or thick hair will depend much upon the vital force remaining in the hair-glands. New hairs are first seen to start around the margin of the bald spots near the permanent hair, and extending upwards until the spots are covered more or less thickly with fine short hair. Excessive brushing should be guarded against as soon as the small hairs make their appearance; but the scalp may be sponged with rain water to advantage occasionally. The scalp may be pressed and moved on the bone by the finger ends, which quickens the circulation and softens the roots which have remained long bald. On applying this hair-dressing it enlivens the scalp, and in cases where the hair begins to fall a few applications will arrest it, and the new growth presents the luxuriance and colour of youth. It may be relied on as the best hair-dressing known for restoring grey or faded hair to its original colour without dyeing it, producing the colour within the substance of the hair, imparting a peculiar vitality to the roots, preventing the hair from falling, keeping the head cool, clean, and free from dandruff, causing new hairs to grow, unless the hair-glands are entirely decayed. **THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER** makes the hair soft, glossy, and luxuriant. Sold by Chemists and Perfumers, at 3s. 6d.; or sent to any address free on receipt of 4s. in stamps.

**THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER.**

When the hair is weak and faded,  
Like the autumn leaves that fall,  
Then is felt that sudden feeling,  
Which does every heart enthrall,  
Then we look for some specific  
To arrest it on its way,  
And **THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER**  
Bids it like enchantment stay.

It arrests decaying progress;  
Though the hair is thin and grey  
It will strengthen and improve it,  
And work wonders day by day.  
It restores the colour,  
And brings back its beauty, too;  
For **THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER**  
Makes it look both fresh and new.

What's the greatest hair restorer  
That the present age can show;  
What produces wonders daily,  
Which the world at large should know?  
Why, **THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER**  
Eminently stands the first;  
Thus its fame by countless thousands  
Day by day is now re-echoed.

What beautifies, improves, and strengthens  
Human hair of every age?  
Why, this famous great restorer  
With the ladies is the rage,  
And **THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER**  
Is the very best in use,  
For luxuriant tresses always  
Do its magic powers produce.

**THE WORDS "THE MEXICAN HAIR**

**RENEWER"** are a Trade-Mark; and the public will please note the words are on every case surrounding the Bottle, and the name is blown in the bottle.

The Mex. Hair Renewer. Price 3s. 6d. Directions in German, French, and Spanish.

Also, in hand of most respectable Dealers in all parts of the World.

Sold Wholesale by the **ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG COMPANY, Limited, 33, Farringdon-road, London.**

**ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you broken**

in your rest by a sick child, suffering with the pain of cutting teeth? Go at once to a Chemist and get a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. It will relieve the poor sufferer immediately; it is perfectly harmless; it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes "as bright as a button." Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, and see that "Curtis and Perkins, New York and London," is on the outside wrapper. No mother should be without it. Sold by all Medicine Dealers, at 1s. 1½d.

**MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP**

Cures Dysentery.

**MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP**

Cures Diarrhoea.

**MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP**

Cures Wind Colic.

**MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP**

Relieves all Pain.

**MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP**

Softens the Gums.

**MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP**

Regulates the Bowels.

**MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP**

No Mother should be without it.

**MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP**

Sold by all Chemists in Great Britain.

**WHO is MRS. WINSLOW?—As this**

question is frequently asked, we shall simply say that she is a lady who for upwards of thirty years has untiringly devoted her time and talents as a female physician and nurse, principally among children. She has especially studied the constitution and wants of this numerous class, and, as a result of this effort and practical knowledge obtained in a lifetime spent as nurse and physician, she has compounded a Soothing Syrup for Children. It operates like magic, giving rest and health, and is, moreover, sure to regulate the bowels. In consequence of this article, Mrs. Winslow is becoming more and more renowned as a benefactor of her race.—Ladies' Visitor, New York City.

**MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP.**

Sold Everywhere.

**MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP**

is Highly Recommended.

**MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP**

is used by Millions.

**MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP**

Over Thirty Years in Use.

**MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP**

Retained by all Chemists in the City.

**MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP**

Sold by all Dealers at 1s. 1½d.

**MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP**

Operates like Magic.

**MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP**

Never Fails to Cure.

**MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP**

is Known the World Over.

**A DOWN-TOWN MERCHANT, having**

passed several sleepless nights, disturbed by the agonies and cries of a suffering child, and becoming convinced that Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup was just the article needed, procured a supply for the child. On reaching home and acquainting his wife with what he had done, she refused to have it administered to the child, as she was strongly in favour of homeopathy. That night the child passed in suffering, and the parents without sleep. Returning home the day following, the father found the baby still worse; and, while contemplating another sleepless night, the mother stepped from the room to attend to some domestic duties, and left the father with the child. During her absence he administered a portion of the soothing syrup to the baby, and said nothing. That night all slept well, and the little fellow awoke in the morning bright and happy. The mother was delighted with the sudden and wonderful change; and, although at first offended at the deception practised upon her, has continued to use the syrup, and suffering, crying babies and restless nights have disappeared. A single trial of the syrup never yet failed to relieve the baby and overcome the prejudices of the mother.

**MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP.**

Sold in all parts of the World.

**MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP.**

Sold in South Africa.

**MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP.**

Sold in India.

**MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP.**

Sold in China.

**MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP.**

Sold in Australia.

**MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP.**

Sold Everywhere.

**MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP.**

Price 1s. 1½d. per Bottle.

**MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP**

is Used by all Mothers.

**MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP**

is Used by all Nurses.

**MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP**

is the Best Remedy Known.

**MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP.**

Never Known to Fail.

**MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP**

has Directions with each Bottle.

**MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP**

may be Used with Safety.

**MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP.**

Sold by all Medicine Dealers.

**MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP.**

A BRANCH HOUSE is now opened in LONDON for the sale of this remedy, which has been in use in America over thirty years. It is pleasant to take, and safe in all cases: it soothes the child and gives it rest; softens the gums, and will allay all pain or spasmodic action, and is sure to regulate the bowels. Depnd upon it, mothers, it will give rest to yourselves and relief and health to your infants. It will almost instantly relieve griping in the bowels and wind colic, and we believe it the best and surest remedy in the world in all cases of dysentery and diarrhoea in children, whether arising from teething or other causes. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, and see that "Curtis and Perkins, New York and London," is on the outside wrapper. Sold by all Chemists, at 1s. 1½d. per Bottle. Full directions with each Bottle.

**THROAT DISEASES.—BROWN'S**

**BRONCHIAL TROCHES**, which have proved so successful in America for the cure of coughs, colds, hoarseness, bronchitis, asthma, catarrh, or any irritation or soreness of the throat, are now imported, and sold in this country at 1s. 1½d. per Box. Put up in the form of a lozenge, it is the most convenient, pleasant, safe, and sure remedy for clearing and strengthening the voice in the world.

**BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES**

Cure Coughs.

**BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES**

Cure Colds.

**BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES**

Cure Hoarseness.

**BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES**

Cure Bronchitis.

**BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES**

Cure Asthma.

**BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES**

Cure Catarrh.

**BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES**

Cure Soreness of the Throat.

**BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.**

Sold by all Chemists, at 1s. 1½d. per Box.

**BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES**

have been before the public many years. Each year finds the Troches in some new, distant localities in various parts of the world. Being an article of merit, when once used the value of the Troches is appreciated, and they are kept always at hand to be used as occasion requires. Singers and public speakers will find them excellent to clear the voice and render articulation wonderfully easy.

**BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES**

Relieve the Hacking Cough in Consumption.

**BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES**

Cure Irritation in the Throat.

**BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES,**

for Public Speakers.

**BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES,**

for Singers.

**BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.**

Used by everybody.

**BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.**

Sold by all Medicine Dealers.

**BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.**

Sold at 1s. 1½d. per Box.

**BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES**

are perfectly safe.

**BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES**

reach directly the affected parts, and give almost immediate relief. All suffering from irritation of the throat and hoarseness will be agreeably surprised at the almost immediate relief afforded by the use of Brown's Bronchial Troches. The demulcent ingredients allay pulmonary irritation, and after public speaking or singing, when the throat is wearied and weakened by too much exercise, their use will give renewed strength to the vocal organs. For public speakers, singers, and those who overtax the voice, they are useful in relieving an irritated throat, and will render articulation easy. Sold by all Medicine Dealers, 1s. 1½d. per Box.

**BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.**

Sold in all parts of the United States.

**BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.**

Sold in Australia.

**BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.**

Sold in the Cape Colonies.

**BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.**

Sold in India.

**BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.**

Sold in Paris.

**BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.**

Sold Everywhere.

**BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.**

Prepared by John I. Brown and Sons, Boston, United States.

**BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES**

for clergymen's sore throats. Public speakers and singers will find them beneficial in clearing the voice before speaking or singing, and relieving the throat after any unusual exertion of the vocal organs, having a peculiar adaptation to affections which disturb the organs of speech. Few are aware of the importance of checking a cough or "slight cold" in its first stages. That which in the beginning would yield to a mild remedy, if neglected soon attacks the lungs. The Troches give sure and almost immediate relief. They may be had of any Medicine Dealer, at 1s. 1½d. per Box.

**BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES**

Cure Coughs.

**BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES**

Cure Colds.

**BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES**

Cure Hoarseness.

**BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES**

Cure Bronchitis.

**BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES**

Cure Asthma.

**BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES**

Cure Catarrh.

**BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES**

Cure Soreness of the Throat.

**BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES,**

for Irritation of the Throat.

**BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES**

OR COUGH LOZENGES. They are very pleasant to take, contain no opium, and children will find them very beneficial in cases of whooping-cough. People who are troubled with a hacking cough should try them at once; they are a safe and sure remedy. Brown's Bronchial Troches for pulmonary and asthmatic disorders have proved their efficacy by a test of many years, and have received testimonials from eminent men who have used them.

European Depot, 33, Farringdon-road.

**FLORILINE.****For the TEETH and BREATH.**

A few drops of the **FRAGRANT FLORILINE** on a wet tooth-brush produces a delightful foam, which cleanses the Teeth from all impurities, strengthens and hardens the gums, prevents tartar, and arrests the progress of decay. It gives to the teeth a peculiar and beautiful whiteness, and imparts a delightful fragrance to the breath. It removes all unpleasant colour arising from decayed teeth, a disordered stomach, or tobacco smoke. The **FRAGRANT FLORILINE** is purely vegetable, and equally adapted to old and young.

The **FRAGRANT FLORILINE** should be used in all cases of bad breath, and particularly by gentlemen after smoking. The Floriline combines, in a concentrated form, the most desirable, cleansing, and astringent properties. At the same time, it contains nothine which can possibly injure the most sensitive and delicate organisation.

It beautifies the teeth and gums.  
It arrests the decay of the teeth.  
It acts as a detergent after smoking.  
It renders the gums hard and healthy.  
It neutralises the offensive secretions of the month.  
It imparts to the breath a fragrance purely aromatic and pleasant.

Put up in large bottles (only one size) and in elegant toilet-cases, complete, at 2s. 6d. Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers. Wholesale by the **ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG COMPANY, Limited, Farringdon-road, London.**

**FLORILINE.****For the TEETH and BREATH.**

Sweet as the ambrosial air,  
With its perfume rich and rare;  
Sweet as violets at the morn,  
Which the emerald nooks adorn;  
Sweet as rosebuds bursting forth  
From the richly-laden earth,  
Is the "FRAGRANT FLORILINE."

The teeth it makes a pearly white,  
So pure and lovely to the sight;  
The gums assume a rosy hue,  
The breath is sweet as violets blue;  
While scented as the flowers of May,  
Which cast their sweetness from each spray,  
Is the "FRAGRANT FLORILINE."

Sure, some fairy with its hand  
Circled around its mystic wand,  
And produced from fairy's bow  
Scented perfumes from each flower;  
For in this liquid gem we trace—  
All that can beauty add and grace—  
Such is the "FRAGRANT FLORILINE."

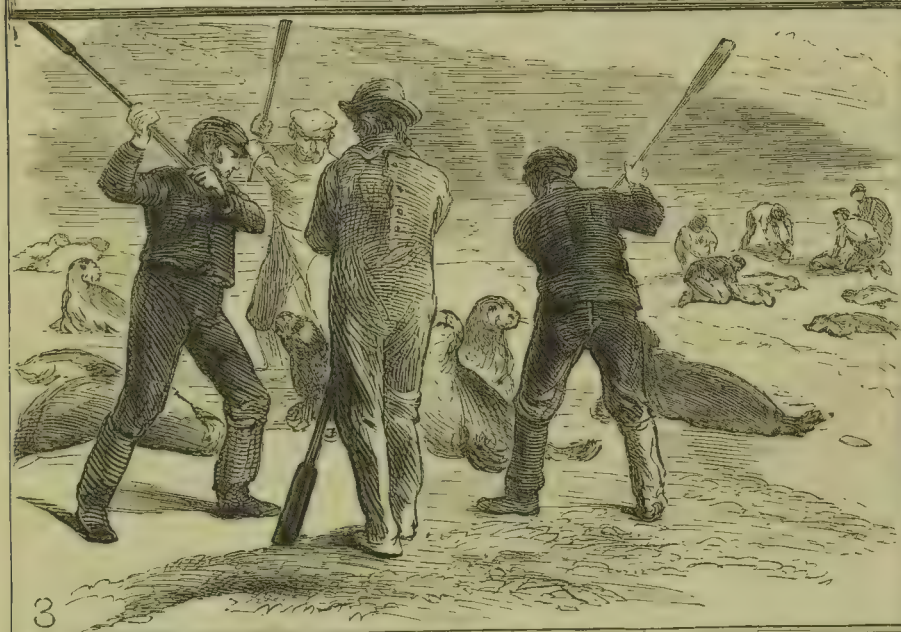
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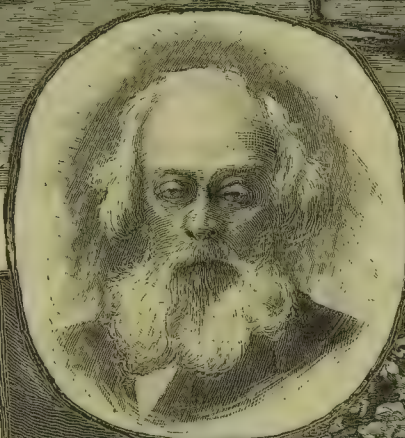
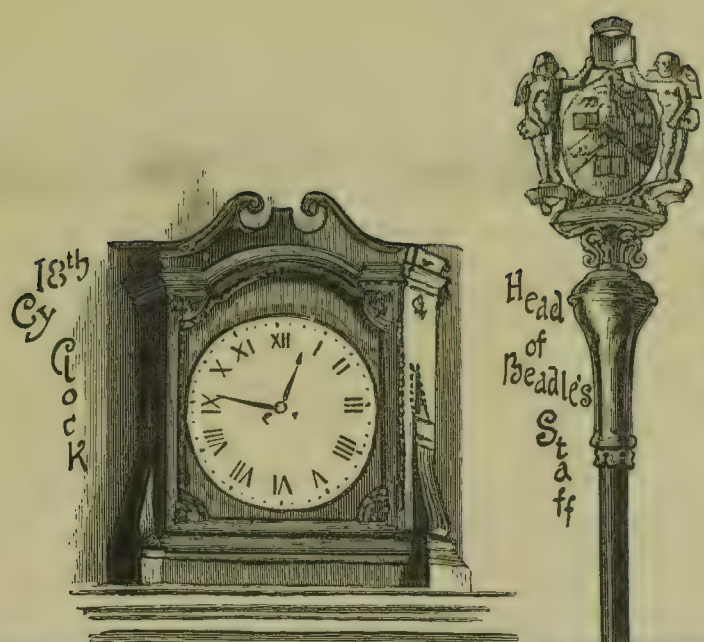


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DRAWN BY HAL LUDLOW.

"A riddle! Ay, indeed," said she. "But waste? There is nothing wasted. So says Doctor Carrel."

## ROPES OF SAND.

BY R. E. FRANCILLON,

AUTHOR OF "STRANGE WATERS," "OLYMPIA," "A REAL QUEEN," &amp;C.

### CHAPTER XLVI.

#### AWAKING.

Can you picture to yourself what, if you have eyes you must have seen, some high cliff path over which a veil of sea mist has fallen in the midst of a blue and golden afternoon? A moment ago every crag and every bush was crisp and clear: you could count the singing white waves as you looked down upon them, if you were not afraid. In front of you was an elbow of the cliff, round which you would have to turn—the path seemed leading you to the edge of a precipice, but there was no fear of that, because you knew you could trust the path, and, if that were faithless, your eyes would warn your feet and hands. You seemed poised midway between sea and sky, and yet with a firm foot-grasp of earth all the while. You could sit or stand or saunter on at will: and however else you might fare, all was bright and clear. But all of a sudden, coming you knew not whence, fell or rose the haze, and the whole scene, in an instant, was blotted and blurred away. Cape, crag, and bush, melted each into each, and lost both form and size. The path itself ceased to lead either way: a step seemingly forward might bear you to the left, and send you into the waters below, whose place you could now only guess at from their hollow roar. Though there was but one path, you were as lost as if you were in a maze. You could still see: but you knew that all you saw was false and wrong. You forgot that yonder had been a rock where now appeared an enormous cavern, and yonder a sharply marked promontory, that had now become a soft white cloud.

But if you were wise, and waited, the haze rolled away as suddenly as it had come. You seemed to have passed through a dream. There, under the sun, stood out the cape as a cape, the crag as a crag, and the bush as a bush once more. And you knew that they had never really been lost, but had stood there no less clear and firm all the while—that the mist had fallen, not over them, but over you. And even thus rolled away a mist from over the life of the man who lay there by the forest fire—a mist, not of days or months even, but of many years: for wellnigh as many as he had lived in this world. It must remain for those who are carrying on the work of Dr. Carrel to tell how mind and matter hung in their balance, and how at the first touch of bodily pain, as if it had been a sun-burst, the long-gathered mist rolled away. The perfect health of the vagabond of Stoke Juliot woods had been that of some wild animal, rather than that of a man, who, if he would feel and reason, must accept their penalty of sorrow and pain. The arrow of the Maroon, whether poisoned or not, had opened a chink through which the daylight streamed in.

What had happened to the trees? While the haze still hung, they were fellow-creatures, friends, angels—now, in the clear light, they were rough growths of timber, dead and

dumb: in a word, just trees. The rhymes had gone out of their rustle, and the language out of their leaves. He felt miserably alone, and hungered for the touch of a human hand. And then, as sharp as any cape or crag, came back, in the new sunlight, the memory of when he had not always been a wild man of the woods, finding all sufficiency in being alive. But, though he remembered a thousand things, not one, as yet, could he understand.

He remembered his mother—not a beech or an ash, as might be supposed, but a pale, sad woman, with a face covered with seams and scars, who appeared to live for the only purpose of hiding herself and her two children from the sight of men. She, and he, and Mabel—that was the other child's name—had lived alone in a cottage, in the midst of dreary sand-banks, by a horrible sea: how he had always hated the sea, even then, both its grin and its roar. He was the elder of the two children—he remembered that: and Doctor Carrel could have told him that in all likelihood his mother's mind had been clouded and distorted, as well as her face, when she brought him into the world. But all he knew was that he had found nothing beautiful, neither the mother who was always hiding and weeping, nor the sea that was always grinning and roaring, nor anything in the world, except the wild woods hard by, where he could run away and hide from sorrow and the sea. There he could clamber or sleep, and in any case be himself and free. He remembered a father, also, but very dimly—a gentleman in fine clothes, who used to arrive now and again, and stay for two days or three. But he had caught his mother's passion for hiding away in holes and corners, and the coming of his father used to fill him with a panic that, despite scoldings and imprisonments—which indeed only made matters worse—he could not control. It seemed to be because of his father that his mother was always sad, and they lived by the horrible and treacherous sea, instead of in the free and happy woods hard by, where the trees were always singing songs and making rhymes, helped by the birds, while the wild things ran about among them at peace and in joy.

Did Nature mean him for poet, or idiot, or both at once? That is a question for Doctor Carrel. In any case, he used to jingle sounds and words together as early as he climbed his first tree, and kissed the branches out of love and pride. He took it into his head, or rather into his heart, that the trees were the great works of Nature; and that man, woman, and child were lower creatures, made to be miserable and to find no root for their feet among wind-blown sands and hungry waves. But, if he was a poor and tongue-tied poet, he was no philosopher at all—he never thought: he did not know how. The mist was over all things: man was dwarfed into dust, and the trees were glorified as surely no human soul (if his were a soul) had ever glorified them before. But he found living sympathy in the flying and running things,

because he seemed to feel that they knew the trees, and not merely loved and worshipped them. A squirrel was allowed to live in their arms—how infinitely better and higher, then, must a squirrel be than a man.

Maybe, poet, or naturalist, or philosopher would have come out of this scrap of originality after all: for genius mostly starts with idiocy, and very often travels in a circle and comes back again. He might have come to discover that his mother was not Nature's mistake—a wasted attempt to make a tree which had come out with tears instead of dewy leaves, and so had been thrown aside in shame. He might have found something more sympathetic than a squirrel in the little girl who had followed him into the world, and would have followed him into the woods had he allowed, in spite of her more natural preference for the sea and the sands. But it happened one day that his mother received a thick letter which took her full two days to read—so it seemed to him. And after that she called him to her and told him that she and Mabel were going away over the great sea, right to the other side: that he must stay behind with Phil Derrick, and be good, for a little while—only a little till his father should come for him, and bring him over the beautiful sea too, where they would all be happy for the rest of their lives.

"What?" asked he. "Shall we all become trees there—me and all?" But he read his answer in his mother's look of impatience at his unconquerable queeriness: and as for happiness—he did not know the meaning of the word as anything which came where his mother would be. Nothing was left of the tidings but the awful horror that he, also, was to cross the sea: and that he would see his own woods no more. It was a child's passion of terror before the world of terrors: a passion that hundreds remember, but that millions have forgotten. It was a horrible nightmare that haunted him, not only by night, but by day. He had no confidant but the trees: and only into their magic sanctuary the nightmare dared not ride.

He lived through the coming days in an agony. But when his mother went away with her little girl, secretly and by night, and he was left alone in the midst of the desolate dunes of Hornacombe with no company but the seas, until Phil Derrick, the keeper, should come back to the cottage to take him in charge, the boy could bear it no longer. Closing his ears to the howl of the wind and waves, which seemed like an army of fiends hunting him, and half closing his eyes, he was off to the woods—and there he stayed.

Doubtless the keeper, when he turned up, took for granted that the plans had been changed and that the boy had gone off with his mother, as indeed was the most natural idea. And that, doubtless, was also taken for granted by the boy's father: it was only nature that, at the last moment, the mother should be unable to leave her boy behind. There was therefore



nobody to miss him or to wonder what had become of him—in any case, if any unlikely inquiries were made without any reason for making them, the boy knew of none. The poet, or philosopher, or whatever he might have been, became the freest and happiest man in the civilised world, knowing neither thought, nor passion, nor sorrow, nor pain—if he could only have found that unattainable rhyme.

Thenceforth, as he lay gazed at by half-strange, half-familiar faces, and feeling as if he had wakened out of a life-long trance, nothing belonged to memory. Day followed day, night followed night, season season, rain sunshine, and sunshine rain, as they follow to the birds of the air, who sow not nor gather into barns. While his body strengthened, and his animal wits quickened, his mind had perforce to go to sleep, and his soul to stand still. An experience or two of Barnstaple lock-up was only such an incident as a passing capture would be to a wild bird—it was soon forgotten, and gave a new zest to the crust of liberty. Yet he had not been wholly unhuman, for he was of a gentle nature, and his earliest childhood, his occasional captures, and his trade—for he had learned to barter game for the wherewithal to kill it—had given him certain human ways in addition to a humorous scorn for them. And so it seemed likely he would go on to the end, until he should either creep into a hole and find the rhyme to "Life" at last, or else be shipped off to Botany Bay: for oddities of his stamp are not favoured by the law.

But suddenly there came a day when the green leaves turned red as blood, and when the demons of death and terror from whom he had fled in his childhood had at last discovered him. They seemed to seize him in their grasp: his old enemy, the sea, claimed him: he had lost himself: he had ceased to be the wild animal without becoming a whit more a man. And now—

He looked round him once more, and, at last, saw things as they are. And the first thing he did was to hold out a feeble hand to Francis Carew.

When Mabel woke up the next morning after the failure of her escapade, she knew not exactly whether she had escaped or incurred some alarming danger. Only, whichever it was, she knew herself to be safe in the hands of her new friend. And yet—and yet—why had Mr. Vernon promised to make everything straight with the Parson about Caleb? If he had taken the other line, and sworn, in the plenitude of his professed power, to forbid the banns, she would have assuredly obeyed: under rebellious protest, of course, but have unquestionably obeyed, only too glad, in her heart of hearts, to have found somebody who could make her. Of course, it was delightful that he had promised to make Caleb happy—and she sighed something of a weary sigh. Did being in love always turn things upside down, and make people feel relieved when they were disappointed, and disappointed when it stood to reason that they were overjoyed? Anyway, being in love certainly seemed an exceedingly queer kind of a thing.

She hardly knew how to face the Parson: for, to tell the humiliating truth, she had not the courage of her cause. Still, anything would be better than putting herself in the wrong by showing fear, so courage had to be found somewhere, or, if it could not be found, then made. But nothing, in such cases—if indeed in any other—happens according to expectation: and the more reasonable the expectation, the more certain is it to be wrong. The truly wise weather prophet always makes a dash at snow in July. Mabel, not being eminent for wisdom, took the reasonable course, and foresaw thunder, lightning, and hail in such a sky as was now hanging over her. And behold—never had Parson Pengold been seen so calm: at least never before he had dined, and not very often even then.

Indeed, he was even more than calm. He was positively gentle, so far as he knew how. Instead of breaking his fast on cheese, or fat bacon, and ale, in the kitchen, he waited until she appeared down stairs and then, in a shamefaced way, asked for what he still called a dish of tea. And not only did he swallow one dish, and meekly allow it to scald him as it went down, but a second—a third—a fourth, before he said a word beyond humbly asking for the cream.

Then—"Mabel."

She turned hot and cold, thinking, Now for the storm.

"Mabel—do you mind my lighting a pipe in your room?"

He had never been used to stand on ceremony. Something very terrible must needs be forthcoming after all this ominous calm. But the outburst seemed in no hurry. Having occupied all the time he could over the tea, Parson Pengold now spent as much more as was possible over his pipe, which seemed to want no end of filling, then refused to light, and then would not draw. But it got into working order at last, and then—

"Mabel," said he, "did you ever hear of the man who built his house upon sand? I am that man."

She waited for more: and for many minutes it seemed as though more were gathering. But, at the end of them, the Parson abruptly rose, thrust back his wig, and left the room.

She could not understand it at all. How could she guess at the affection which, just as unreasonably as such things will always grow, had been, through all these years, growing up in the Parson's big and clumsy heart for the child whom he had saved from the sea? He had never known how to show it—he had never, until he had feared losing her out of his life, known that it was there. And now he had to feel that he had all the while been nursing the very idlest of all his lost ambitions and dead dreams. Without his knowing it until it was too late, he had been looking to such love as a child may have to spare for a father as his salvage out of life and as his comfort during the down-hill road. To this end he had even lied—like a Stoke Juliot farmer: and lied in vain. For this he had schemed so that not even marriage should break the bond—so that the girl should be bound to Stoke Juliot with a golden ring. Of course he had not read his Aristophanes and his Juvenal without having the worst opinion of women at his fingers' ends, such as bachelors and scholars, who know nothing of women, are wont to gain from poets, who never know anything about anybody but themselves. But he could not lump with woman-kind at large the child who had grown up in his own house and his own heart, even now that she stung her benefactor like a viper, had turned traitor to an honest love, and had proved her sisterhood to all Eve by being ready to run away—no doubt as a matter of course—with the first whipper-snapper who came prowling round with flatteries and lies. And the worst of it was that the poor Parson could not turn her out of his heart, even now.

No doubt he had been wrong in a hundred ways, he said to himself, with many a groan. He ought to have been some fine polished diamond like that confounded interloper Vernon, who had dared, hang him, to lecture him, Parson Pengold, only last night about girls' hearts, and a lot of sentimental rubbish that might have been taken straight out of a play. Well, it seemed Vernon did not want to marry her himself, as he had once suspected the old imbecile of wanting, or he would never have told him her story and all about Francis Carew. But that only made old Pigtail's meddlesomeness all the worse—and a rival Father the Parson could not stand. "I've not smothered my conscience," said he, with another

groan, "to keep her from Miles Heron only to hand her over to old Pigtail, with his twaddle and his soft-sawder. I suppose he's another old fool with a heart that's hungry to be filled. No, no; first come, first served. If she can't be caught or kept without gammon and soft-sawder, here goes. I'll show her that Jordan Pengold can dress like a beau if he pleases, and dance to a tune like any Cockney Captain or Poet of them all. I'll sell the pigs, and live on slops, and cut myself down to twelve pipes a day—or say thirteen: that'll be a baker's dozen. But, now that it's pull Parson, pull Pigtail—she shall not be Mrs. Quickset of Nowhere Hall: she shall be Mrs. Carew, of Hornacombe, and then she'll be as safe as a woman may. And, till the war's over—*Flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo*: I'll go to work like a farmer, since I can't like an honest man who cares for the lass as if she were a thoroughbred instead of a skittish jade. . . . As brass glitters so much more than true metal, I must gild the gold. So here goes."

The Ass once tried to win favour by copying the Spaniel—so says an authority with whom the Parson ought to have been familiar. But who ever applied a fable to anybody nearer than one's neighbour next door? Parson Pengold, having duly fortified himself with a last horn, went into his bed-room and contemplated his face in a cracked and blotchy mirror anxiously and long. He tried his wig at every imaginable angle: but do what he could, right it would never come. It wanted the magic touch of Mabel's fingers—like all else in a life that had tumbled so far awry.

But, all the same, it was no comedy, but tragedy, that was playing on the heart of Parson Pengold for its stage.

The girl for whom, without any action of her own, a father was vainly seeking, a rival father was breaking his heart, a plighted husband was risking death in foreign lands, and a lover was being kicked and edged—this girl could only sit down in the window-seat between her teacups and the sea, and wonder how long it would be before the next thing happened of its own accord, and what it would be. What did happen was a written message from Mr. Vernon, bidding her be of good cheer—that he had himself, early in life, learned a terrible lesson against the parting of loving hearts, and that she had become far too dear to him to make their friendship a sorrow. For her unknown lover he only cared because he was hers: but she should be happy, come what may. And, as he had said last night, not only had he the will to make her happy but the power. Only let her be true and loyal to the man she loved, and who loved her—that was all. Let nothing she might mistake for duty stand in her way: he had himself suffered from that, and he knew. Let her write at once to the young gentleman—she would be sure to know how—and bid him come at once to her in spite of the Parson. She need not tell him why: the bidding would be enough for a lover worth his salt, and he would come.

Well—the poor girl had got somebody to guide her at last. She wished the somebody had not espoused the cause of true love with quite so much zeal: but now, if it were only for very shame's sake, she could not refuse to go on. She desired his good opinion passionately: and, after his talk of last night, and after such a letter as that of this morning, what would he think of her if she proved not only disloyal, but a whimsical girl who did not know her own mind—a creature of sentiment, true in bad weather, but false when the sun began to shine and the harbour was in view?

Possibly it was not quite the first time in history that a girl has been constant to the man whom she ought not to care for, not out of true love, but because men and women have conspired to idolise constancy. For nobody is ever inconstant: what is inconstancy in others has to go, in his or her special case, by another name. But, however this may be, Mabel wrote the letter, and gave it to the new girl, who gave it to Mrs. Drax, who no doubt acted as her own post-mistress for the sake of the Captain's guineas—they were not many, it is true, but then he had a way of making his single guinea go as far as any other man's ten.

Having written and sent her letter, she felt as if a weight of some sort had been lifted from her. She had committed herself to Mr. Vernon and destiny. Of course everything would be all right now: and she would be a happy girl if she could only be a contented one. And, meanwhile, it seemed as though nothing more was ever going to happen at all. It troubled her, after a day or two, that Mr. Vernon had dropped out of his usual habit of calling; but, for the rest, everything was only too smooth. She was not locked up in her room, or in any way curtailed of her liberty. The Parson never again alluded to the events of that terrible night, any more than if it had been a half-forgotten dream. And what had become of Caleb? She almost caught herself hoping that he had either been frightened away, or else that King, Cabinet, and Parliament had proved too many for him, and that, since he had been unable to fly his country in her company, he had fled it alone. But no; that was impossible. That would be too good—what was she thinking?—too bad news to be true. She even began to notice a certain development of eccentricity about the Parson, who took to making painful efforts to keep awake after dinner, and would sit for ten whole minutes together without his pipe, practising abstinence, until second nature, who is so much stronger than the first, could hold out no longer. She began to think he was falling ill—and that was all he got for his pains. Moreover, ever since that first morning, he had developed an abnormal appetite for tea—not that it in anywise diminished his capacity for ale. Surely there must be something wrong: and she began seriously to consider whether she ought not to send for an apothecary to Barnstaple.

It was on one of these occasions when Parson Pengold, having attempted lively and intellectual after-dinner discourse, such as might entertain a young woman who could not take an interest in pigs, on certain niceties in a chorus of *Æschylus* ("It's the fellow's confounded poetry that has bewitched her," thought he), and having gone through other spaniel-like performances, succeeded in talking himself into the profoundest of slumbers. She had stolen into her bower on tip-toe, and was more than half-disposed to follow the Parson's example, the *tons* and the *tons* had so wearied her brain. Indeed she was just dropping off, when the new girl threw open the door—

"Oh miss—oh ma'am—here's a strange gentleman to see Miss Openshaw! Whatever shall I do with him? shall I bring him in here? 'Tis true Parson's asleep for the minute, but he might be waking next minute—and"

"Did he tell you his name?" asked Mabel, turning hot and cold.

"Oh no, miss—That would never ha' done at all!"

Yes: even the maid knew what had happened. Captain Quickset had obeyed her summons, and had come. It was brave and loyal, and she ought to be a happy girl. But—alas, that there should be a "but" to all the best things!

And Mr. Vernon had bidden her "only be faithful and true, and have no fear." Well, then, faithful and true she must be. But "have no fear"! That a heart must settle for itself: and hers—but there was no time to think about hearts, now, when Caleb Quickset had come to the bear's den in open day.

(To be continued.)

## A VILLAGE ENTERTAINMENT.

The school-room had been prettily decorated with wreaths and banners, and though some of the latter had obviously done duty at a recent Conservative demonstration, and, patriotically if somewhat inappropriately, called upon us to "Stand by the Peers!" the general effect was festive and inspiring.

"Dear—ah—friends" (he had very nearly said "Dearly Beloved Brethren!") "we are met—ah—here this evening"—and so forth. Thus the Rector in his most paternal style. His speech need not be given in extenso, though it called forth warm applause from the closely packed audience, who (such is the force of habit) had at the beginning settled themselves in their places with the half-sleepy and wholly dutiful air of expectancy which characterises them as a congregation on Sunday at sermon-time. A popular man the Rector, though not a brilliant speaker, and his little jokes with the audience, every face in which is as familiar to him as his own, were as successful as if his hearers had never heard any of them before. For alas! no one is altogether perfect, and the good Rector has one not uncommon failing. He is given to repeating his sermons and his stories. Our programme had been carefully arranged so as to take in all the available talent, and as Mr. Taffy, who keeps the general shop, was known to be a first-rate hand at the violin, while the school-master modestly admitted an acquaintance with the flute, it was decided that a concerted piece to begin with would at once display our local capabilities to the best advantage; the Rector's wife obligingly offering to play the piano accompaniment. The music was severely classical, and it went off very well. To be sure, the effect was somewhat marred by slight eccentricities on the part of the flute, which did not always come up to time, expending its powers in a wheeze when it ought to have produced a shrill blast, and sometimes breaking into the upper register in a sudden and startling fashion; but, on the other hand, the instrument came out strongly in the tremolo passages, which brought tears into the eyes of everyone. Mr. Taffy was in great force, and the way he made his arm work in the scherzo was the theme of universal admiration. The accompaniment of the Rector's wife would have been simply perfect had she not been so frequently put out by over-zeal on the part of young Bolus, who chose the most inopportune moments for turning over the leaves, and once brought the music to a complete standstill by upsetting the book altogether. Nevertheless, the audience were highly pleased with the performance, and cried "Angore!" with such hearty persistence that the last movement had to be given over again.

At this point the Squire and his party entered the room. The Squire had just dined, and struggled gallantly with a yawn all the evening. Young Mr. Acres looked rather bored, and no doubt would have enjoyed himself more over a game of billiards and a pipe at home; but the ladies interested themselves thoroughly in the proceedings, and frequently encouraged the performers with their plaudits. Young Wursel's lyrical powers are celebrated all over the country side, and so we had secured him to sing a comic song, the choice of which he stipulated should be left to himself. He was received with rapture; and when he rumbled his hair as a preliminary, the audience went off into shrieks of laughter before he had even opened his mouth. Such a song it was! There were fifteen verses, and every verse ended with an interminable "Fol-de-rol" chorus, which was taken up with tremendous gusto by the audience till the school-room rafters rang again. The song, which was said to be Mr. Wursel's own composition, related the adventures of "a bowld young man," who had some diverting experiences in his courtship of a certain "Mary Ann"; and was warmly appreciated by the farmers and their wives, who laughed till the tears streamed down their rosy cheeks. Such deafening applause followed the conclusion, and such stentorian shouts of "Angore!" that Mr. Wursel was forced to reappear, which he did, with a well-acted simulation of extreme modesty, and presently dashed off into "D'ye ken John Peel?" which raised another storm of enthusiasm. Then Mr. Dionysius Cope, the Curate, gave a reading of "Mrs. Caudle," which was, perhaps, the greatest surprise of the evening, for the Curate, who had hitherto been known to us only as a retiring young man with mildly Pan-Anglican proclivities, suddenly developed an amount of humour and spirit which no one had given him credit for; and when he gave Mrs. Caudle's immortal utterances in a high falsetto he fairly brought down the house. Mrs. Cope, who followed, was painfully nervous, and labouring under what the French call "une belle extinction de voix"; but she got through "Robin Adair" fairly well, considering. The feature of the entertainment on which we chiefly depended was the glee-singing by members of the choir. Mr. Cutts, the butcher, has a sonorous bass organ which came out with telling effect in "Who will o'er the downs?" Mr. Hyson, the grocer, taking the tenor parts and conducting energetically, while young Perkins put in a rather reedy alto. Our prima donna assoluta is Miss Cutts, who has a remarkably sweet, though not very powerful soprano. Much more powerful, though not so sweet, is the organ of Mrs. Jowler. She, however, has her partisans, who pooh-pooh Miss Cutts, and call her "a clit of a thing with no more voice than a mouse." On the other hand, the Cuttsites maintain that Mrs. Jowler's voice resembles the shriek of a locomotive whistle, which, indeed, it occasionally does. Little Miss Tucker, the dressmaker, is not strictly-speaking a contralto (real contralti being as scarce as real tenors), but her mezzo-soprano did duty very fairly in the contralto parts. The Blacksmith made quite a sensation in "The Charge of the Light Brigade," which he recited in a tremendous bass voice, and with an amount of martial energy which was electrifying. To hear him describe how "Cannons to right of um; cannons to left of um; cannons in front of um; vollored and thoonderd!" made one's hair stand on end, and it was a positive relief when he retired, mopping the perspiration from his manly brow.

Miss Bellairs is the acknowledged beauty of our village, and is engaged to be married to Mr. Flamingo. They sang "The Naggletons," in a way which might seem to bode portentously for their future relations as man and wife; but which evoked appreciative cheers from Farmer Wursel, who is supposed to be rather under the plump thumb of his buxom "missus"; so that when his loud "Brayvo!" was heard, everybody looked at him and laughed immoderately; while his comely spouse smiled a conscious smile and grew more rosy than ever. Next to the farmer's wife sat young Clinker, who is understood to be courting Miss Polly Wursel, and from the way in which she exclaimed "Do be quiet!" it may be feared that he took advantage of his position to press his suit and his fiancée's hand at the same time. On the other side of Mr. Wursel his elder daughter, Susie, pretended to be unconscious of the presence of Mr. Sam Buckle, the saddler, who, however, greatly scandalised old Miss Primm by whispering in Miss Susie's ear whenever he found an opportunity.

And so the performance came to a timely end. The poor of the parish got a good five pounds towards their Christmas cheer; and we all went home to supper, highly pleased with our evening; the general opinion was that no London concert could have been more completely successful than our village entertainment.

J. P. A.



The Prince of Wales has presented his regiment (the 10th Hussars) with a large picture illustrating the part it took in the battle of Tamai. The picture is now hung in the officers mess-room at Shorncliffe.









THE MORNING PRAYER. DRAWN BY A. HUNT.



## THE MAGAZINES FOR DECEMBER.

Mr. Payn's novel in the *Cornhill* increases in interest as the contemplated representation of "Vortigern" approaches, and the *dramatis personæ* are reinforced by Sheridan, Kemble, and other historical characters of note, admirably depicted by Mr. Furniss. The most amusing of the miscellaneous articles is that on "Food and Feeding," which traces the art of feeding from its simplest form in the agglutination of two jelly-fish meeting in the ocean to the complicated *menus* of high life. "The Princess Torhanyi" is a story admonishing young ladies to distrust *soi-disant* German Princes, by the sad example of the lovely but scornful Ottilie. "Guy, Nep, Tros, and others," are various domestic pets, whose biographies provide copious matter for woodcut illustration. One engraving, representing a cat teaching her little ones how to play with a suspended cork, is particularly charming.

Lord Tennyson's lines to Freedom in *Macmillan's Magazine*, though not all that might have been hoped from such a poet on such a subject, are not unworthy of either; and prove that the Laureate disapproves of legislation by public meeting, even when he is in sympathy with the meeting's object. "Profit and Loss at Oxford" takes a somewhat over-serious view of University life; and the pungent criticisms of the late Dr. Todhunter on negligences in modern English style may also be occasionally too severe, though the writer is fully justified in his protest against several very common but obviously indefensible expressions. "Boroughdale of Boroughdale" is brought to a happy conclusion. The Croker memoirs are reviewed with perfect impartiality, and a complete insight into the genius of politicians typified in the writer. Mr. Leslie Stephen's few but eloquent words on Mr. Fawcett dwell especially on the latter's consistent sincerity and uprightness.

The double Christmas Number of the *English Illustrated Magazine* is a very great success. The exquisite study by Burne Jones is alone worth the price of the number; and so is Mr. Comyns Carr's paper on Gainsborough, or Mr. F. Pollock's on Clovelly, or Mr. F. Villiers's on the Abyssinian mission, or Mr. Keary's on the Sforza family. The Abyssinian illustrations are especially quaint. From a purely literary point of view, high praise is due to Mr. Henry James's story, "The Path of Duty," and to the charming sketch of a little boy's morning in the country which Mr. Jeffries entitles "St. Guido." The interest of "That Terrible Man" is very well sustained.

*Blackwood's* serial, "The Waters of Hercules," continues as fresh and interesting as ever. The sketch of the lawyer dancing Gretchen through the glass door of the ball-room in the ardour of his passion is capital, and the arrangement of Gretchen's mourning, by the Countess who lives for her toilet is no less so. "Dorothy" is a charming and touching little sketch; and Mr. Oliphant's picture of his Lebanon home is both brilliant as a landscape and instructive as to the condition of Syria. An article on Wycliffe is valuable as bringing out the versatility and manysidedness of this great man, the extent of his influence upon foreign nations, and the special obligations, hitherto very ill-remembered, under which he laid his own University of Oxford.

The exciting history of "Jack's Courtship" is happily concluded in *Longman's Magazine*, which offers nothing else demanding special notice except Mr. R. L. Stevenson's remembrance with the American novelists.

The *Fortnightly* is but a poor number on the whole, though there is point in Mr. Escott's comments on literary autobiography; and Mr. Percy Greg's article on the House of Lords bears witness to the growing conviction among Conservatives that something must be done to bring it more into harmony with popular feeling. As this does not suit extreme Liberal politicians, we may soon see Radicals defending its present constitution and Conservatives clamouring for its reform. The anonymous writer on Mr. Chamberlain has nothing new to tell us. "Diana of the Crossways" is concluded, a brilliant book, as little suited as the majority of Mr. George Meredith's writings to publication in a serial form. Mr. Moreton Frewen's denunciation of the "hideous and blighting influences of the (Cattle) Contagious Disease Acts" would have more weight if he were not himself an extensive stockowner in Wyoming, whose cattle are kept out of the English market by "the reign of terror and blood." It takes some time to find out that Mr. Frewen is not writing about the French Revolution.

The leading article in the *Nineteenth Century* is the Earl of Lytton's enthusiastic yet discriminating praise of Miss Anderson's Juliet, qualified by censure of her theatrical colleagues and of contemporary dramatic criticism. The late Premier of Queensland somewhat discourages sanguine expectations of Imperial Federalism, while pointing out many useful undertakings in which Great Britain and Australia might even now co-operate. Mr. Baden-Powell shows how little real reason there is for the colonial expansion of Germany proving a legitimate cause of quarrel with England, but omits to point out how easily it might be made the pretext for a *querelle d'Allemand*. Dr. Jessopp, treating of the Black Death in Norfolk, explains what ample material for the social history of England lie unused in old legal documents. Mr. Albert Grey's essay on proportional representation is interesting, and may not be wasted if the Christmas recess develops a stronger feeling of opposition to the provisions of the Redistribution

Bill. Mr. W. Hurlbert construes the recent Presidential election as indicating a reaction in favour of the principles of the Democratic party: a delusion which, if persisted in, will prevent this party from winning the next. The evidence is overwhelming that it turned solely upon the personal character of the candidates.

The *National Review* is varied and good. Mr. Archer's "Myths of Romeo and Juliet" and F. T. Marzials' essay on M. Scherer are valuable contributions to criticism; and the same may be said of Mr. Courthope's discussion of Wordsworth's consistent theory and inconsistent practice of poetry. Mr. Keibel might have found more to say in praise of Lord Liverpool, who was far superior to the other two "Tory mediocrities" with whom he is bracketed. The Hon. Emily Lawless's "Notes in the Morbihan" are as graphic as her papers usually are; and Mr. Austin's poem, "Apollo at Delphi," is full of colour and melody.

Professor Gneist's account of the "Government of Berlin" in the *Contemporary Review* is interesting, and presents many points of comparison with our own municipal institutions. Miss Cobbe's picture of a world from which the religious sentiment shall have entirely died out is powerful and instructive, but she makes the danger of such an undesirable consummation appear much more serious than it really is by classing all forms of Theism, except her own, as Atheistic. Mr. Richard Heath does full justice to the beauty of St. Francis of Assisi's character, but greatly exaggerates his influence upon Italian art. Perhaps the most valuable paper in the number is that on the Franco-Chinese quarrel, by Sir Rutherford Alcock, who, after accusing the French of a design to exclude British trade from every region under their influence, nevertheless claims for them a certain amount of sympathy on the ground of the essential solidarity of European interests in the East.

The most important contributions to the *Century* are the circumstantial and very lucid account of the capture of Fort Donelson by General Wallace, who took a distinguished part in the operation; and Professor Dowden's faithful and graphic description of Dublin. Both papers are copiously and beautifully illustrated, the latter by Mr. Pennell; and there are other excellent contributions, especially the chapter from Mark Twain's unpublished novel, "Huckleberry Finn." The most interesting contribution to the *Atlantic Monthly* is Mr. Woodberry's investigation of Poe's early life, proving that at the time when he pretended to have been in Russia, he was serving in the United States army under an assumed name. *Harper's* Christmas Number is extremely rich in illustrations, and has one very special feature in the reproduction of "She Stoops to Conquer," with woodcuts by Mr. Abbey.

The *Gentleman's Magazine* concludes "Philistia" more satisfactorily than at one time seemed probable; and, by the mouth of Mr. Barton Baker, dismisses all the Juliets of the present in favour of the Juliets of the past. Mr. Ewald contributes an interesting account of the Rye House Plot and the judicial murders of which it was made the pretext; and Dr. Charles Mackay records anecdotes of the conversation of Rogers, Dyce, and Milman. "Peril" is happily concluded in *Temple Bar*, which also has a good review of Mr. Yates's recollections, and an analysis of Lady Hervey's correspondence. Mr. Waterfield's Indian serenade is very pretty. The chief attraction of *Belgravia* is Julian Hawthorne's "Miss Cadogna."

The *Art Journal* has some clever engravings in the concluding pages of the paper on the "Western Riviera"; and there is also a Christmas Number, devoted to the life and works of Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A. With the new year will commence a new series, the price being reduced to 1s. 6d. The *Magazine of Art* is varied and interesting, but the illustrations are a little unequal. In the December Part of *Cassell's Magazine*, which forms the first part of a new volume, two new serial stories are commenced—one, entitled "Sweet Christabel," by Miss Arabella Hopkinson; and the other, "A Diamond in the Rough," by the Author of "Horace Maclean." A new feature, entitled "Our Reading Club," is included. The other principal serials of the enterprising firm of Messrs. Cassell, Petter, Galpin, and Co., are—The Quiver, Cassell's Saturday Journal, Greater London, Royal Shakspeare, Familiar Wild Flowers, Book of Health, Old and New London, Illustrated Universal History, Popular Gardening, Picturesque Europe, Picturesque America, and the first part of the Life and Words of Christ, by the Rev. Cunningham Geikie, D.D.

Two new undertakings deserve special mention. *Book-Lore*, a continuation of the *Bibliographer*, is devoted to literary and bibliographical essays and intelligence. The latter department seems particularly well attended to, and the first number has agreeable papers on blunders in printing and translating the Bible, Johnson's *Rasselas*, Persian libraries, and other interesting topics. Ward and Lock's *Technical Journal* is especially designed to promote technical education; and has extremely useful expositions of the arts and mysteries of carpentry, calico-printing, engineering, and other crafts.

Among Fashion Books received are—Le Follet, Ladies' Treasury, Ladies' Gazette of Fashion, World of Fashion, Moniteur de la Mode, The Season, and Myra's Journal of Dress and Fashion.

We have also to acknowledge London Society, The Argosy, the Month, Good Words, the Army and Navy Magazine,

Household Words, St. Nicholas, the Red Dragon, Eastward Ho! the Antiquarian, Chambers's Journal, All the Year Round, Merry England, Irish Monthly, Harper's Young People, the Illustrated Science Monthly, the Theatre (with photographs of Miss Myra Holme and Mr. David James), Aunt Judy's Magazine, and the Rosebud, a charming magazine, with choice illustrations, for the Nursery.

## THE MARITIME ALPS AND THEIR SEABOARD.

Many a guide-book has been written about the Riviera, and many a doctor has recorded his experience of a country so dear to invalids. The subject, however, admits of manifold treatment, and in *The Maritime Alps and their Seaboard*, by the author of "Vera" (Longmans), we have a work which is not only beautiful as a gift-book, but rich in information and suggestiveness. It is a volume to be studied by all who are specially interested in the subject, and there are few readers who will not find in it much that is attractive. The author, who knows how to observe as well as how to write, describes the past condition of sunny Provence, as well as the present; relates several curious episodes of its history; and does not even disdain statistics. Her account of the country she loves so well is far from being one-sided. She notes the defects of the people as well as of the climate, and does all this with an intimacy of knowledge attained by few English travellers. We who live amidst the smoke and fog of London think of that land as one of dance and song, of sunshine and mirth, of olive gardens and vineyards, of the scenery as of surpassing beauty, and of the climate as divine. The picture, however, has another side to it, and a painful side, too, as readers of this volume will discover. All the habits of the peasantry are said to be unhealthy, their lives are sordid, they are quarrelsome, litigious, and over-reaching, recognise no moral law, and "have but two ruling passions—enjoyment and equality." Nature in the Riviera is no doubt supremely lovely, but the climate has its treacherous aspects, and invalids often suffer greatly from the entire absence of home comforts. People can live on little in that warm climate, but privation is far from being unknown. The prospects of the agricultural class are said to be as gloomy as in England; and the property of the vine-growers "has of late undergone a deterioration which has reduced many affluent families to the condition of Irish landlords." Perfume and pottery are the most flourishing trades of the maritime Alps. Grasse, a charming town, and prosperous as it is charming, "possesses a monopoly in France, perhaps in the world, for the production of perfumes, soaps, oils, and *bonbons*." Rose-leaves, knee deep, are stored in cellars, and it is said that the *attar* of roses made in Grasse at twenty francs a drop will soon compete successfully with the export from the Levant; jonquils may be seen in mounds; women and girls perch like monkeys picking the blossoms of the orange-trees, a toil which not infrequently produces syncope; and sixty-seven hydraulic mills give an annual product of 7500 kilo of olive oil for the table. All through the Riviera, orange-blossoms prove a source of wealth, but flowers and fruit of every variety have a commercial value. At Vence, violets are grown for the perfume factories; at St. Paul du Var the country is one great fruit and flower garden; in the neighbourhood of Villeneuve you may reap in the spring-time sheaves of daffodils; while in the Vallons, near Nice, you may rest among myrtles, and see under the olives the great white hoods of the arums looking "like the tents of the fairies." Readers who think of spending the winter and spring at Cannes, where the author lives, at Nice, or at Mentone, will find much in this attractive volume that is beyond the province of the guide writers. It is a book to read, and a book, also, to look at, for the illustrations are charming.

The leading serial story in Chambers's Journal for next year will be from the pen of Mrs. Oliphant. It is to be entitled "A House Divided Against Itself."

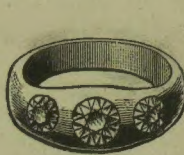
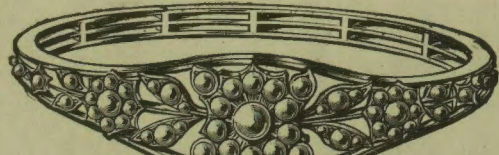
Messrs. Pettit and Co., of Frith-street, issue their Court Diaries, Royal Exchange Calendar (of stately proportions), and blotting-pad remembrancers.—Besides their Christmas and New-Year cards, already noticed, Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode, of Great New-street, publish elegant calendars.

The tenth annual dinner in support of the Metropolitan Dairymen's Benevolent Institution took place on the 11th inst. at the Freemasons' Tavern—Mr. E. C. Tisdall, one of the founders of the institution, in the chair. The company, which numbered some three hundred, included nearly all the leading members of the trade. Mr. Robert Wills, the honorary secretary, read the list of subscriptions, amounting to nearly £800, headed by the chairman with a hundred guineas. In support of the institution, the ninth annual ball will take place at the Freemasons' Tavern on Jan. 28.

The third entertainment of the eighteenth annual season at Brompton Hospital consisted of a brilliant concert by Mdle. Alice Roselli, who was ably supported by Miss Spencer Jones, Miss Hervey, Miss Ella Vicars, Madame Sidney Pratten, Signor Villa, Mr. Lindsay Sloper, Mr. Sydney Smith, Mr. Churchill Sibley, Mr. Newman, Mr. Edwin Such, Mr. Pierce Johnstone, and thirty ladies and gentlemen from the Albert Hall Choir. The spacious hall was filled, and the patients evinced by rapturous applause their appreciation of the delightful entertainment so kindly provided for them.

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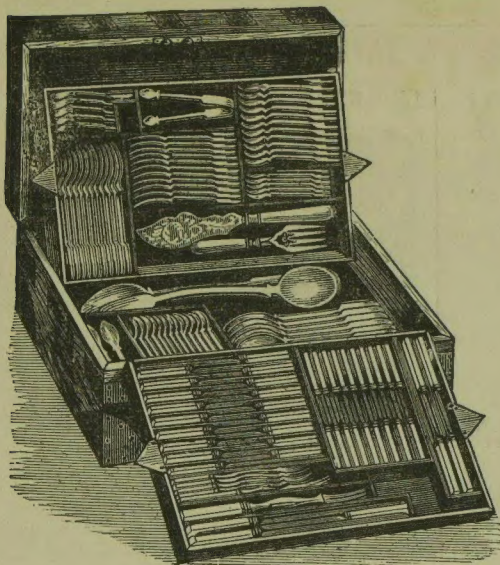
The Louis Velveteen, from its wonderful resemblance to the richest Silk Velvet, is essentially a lady's material; the lights and shadows so thoroughly like those of Genoa and Lyons Velvet, the rich folds and graceful drapery so soft and silky to the touch, all account easily for its great and permanent vogue among the aristocracy, both here and abroad.

Though very strong, it is so light in wear that even in elaborately made dresses with long trains it has no inconvenient weight; while from some peculiar and special arrangement of the pile, no amount of creasing will flatten or rub it; neither rain nor dust alter its rich colourings or dim the silky bloom which it is so celebrated—advantages that cannot be too highly appreciated.

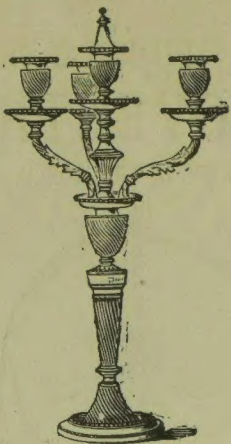
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THE WEAR OF EVERY YARD GUARANTEED.

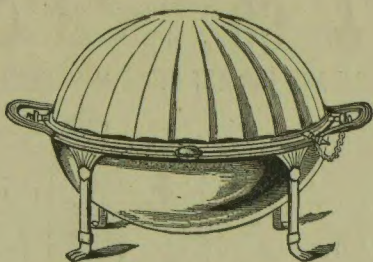




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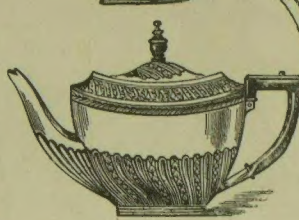


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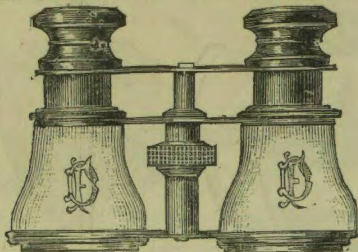
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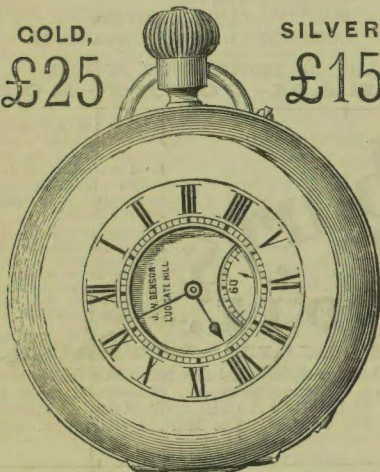
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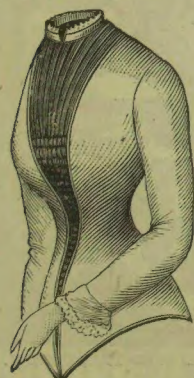
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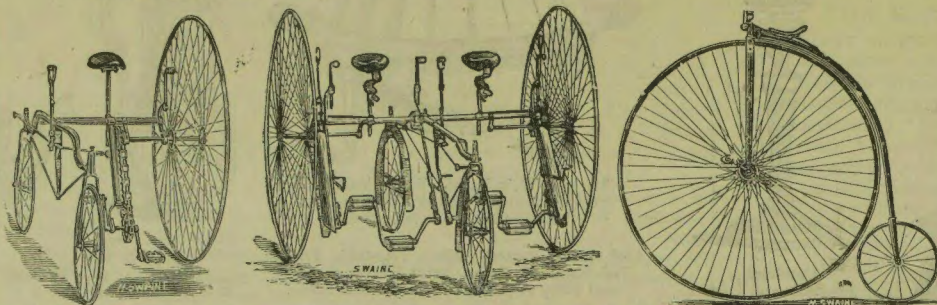


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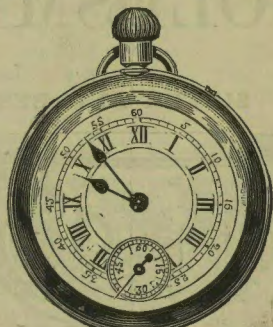
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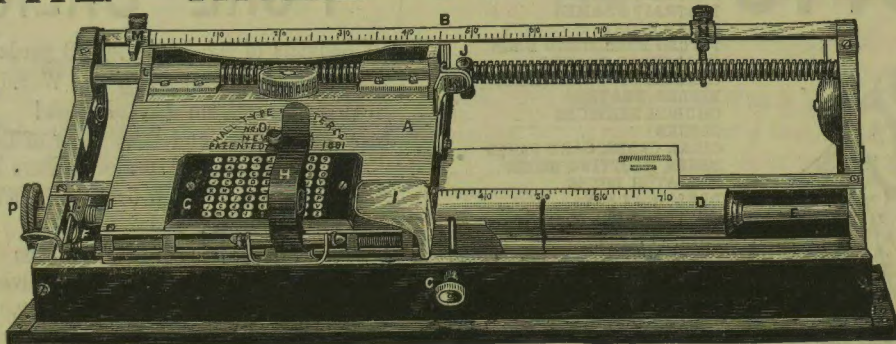
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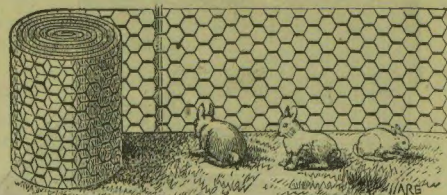
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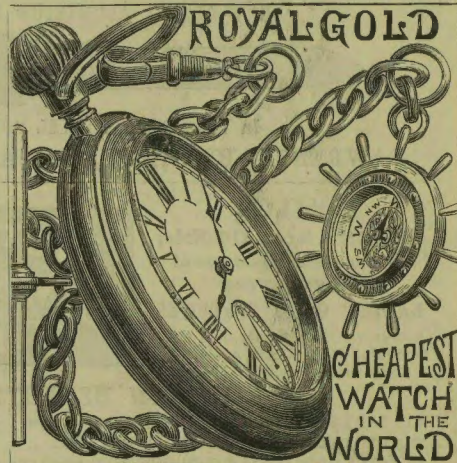
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